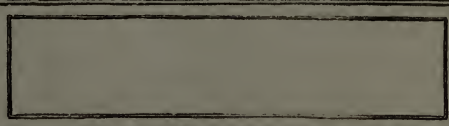
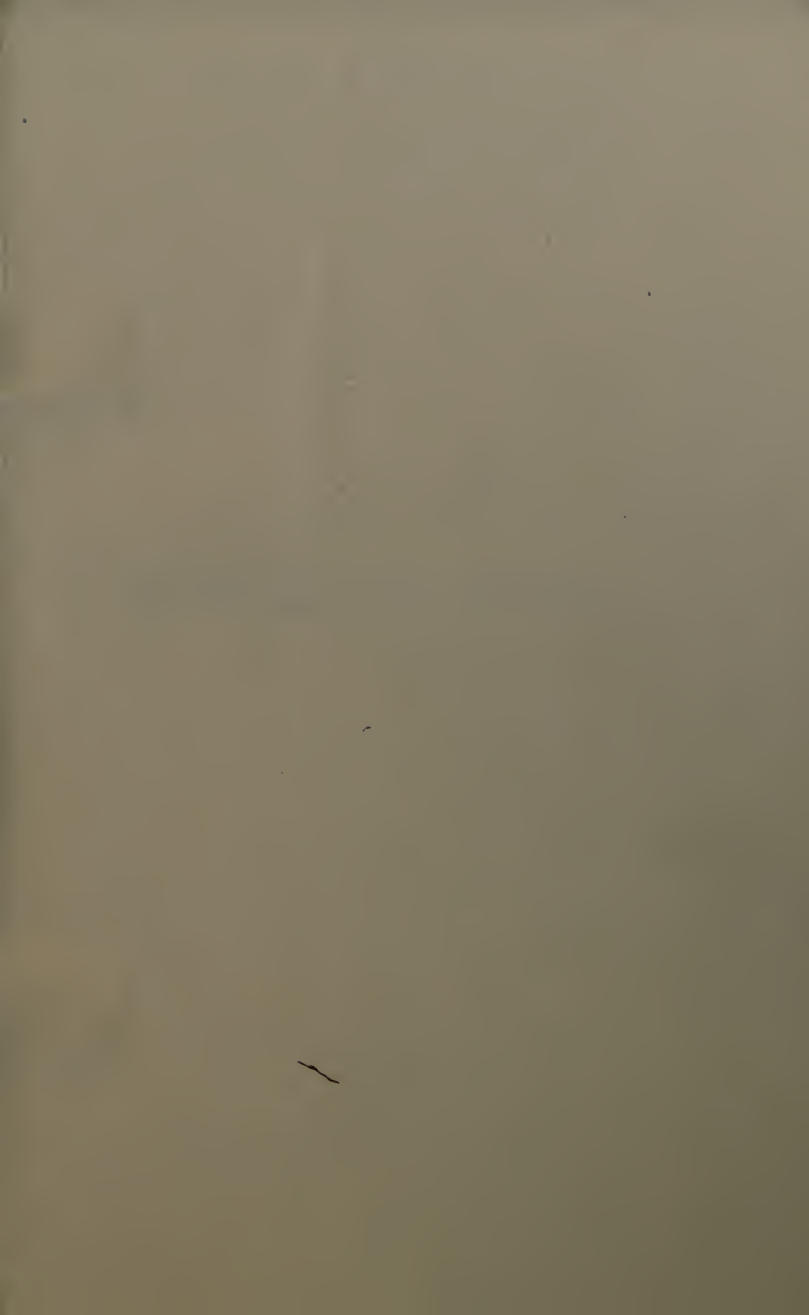


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IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY





JAMES ADDERLEY, 1916.

Frontispiece.

IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY

REMINISCENCES OF OLD FRIENDS

BY

JAMES ADDERLEY

Hon. Canon of Birmingham

LONDON

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

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IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY

I

ECCLESIASTICAL

First experience of Church work—On cribbing sermons—Robert Eyton—St. Alphege, Southwark—Evangelical Catholicism—"The Bitter Cry of Outcast London"—Bethnal Green—Cosmo Gordon Lang—Dr. King—Francis Paget—Canon Scott Holland—Philip Waggett—Dr. Liddon—Toynbee Hall—Canon Barnett—Oxford House—Archbishop Benson—Herbert Hensley Henson—Bishop Walsham How—Frederick Temple—My first and only curacy—Henry Bodley Bromby—The Christ Church Mission—Luke Paget—Dr. Mason—Brotherhoods—Father Benson—Basil Maturin—Father Ignatius—Caldey—Berkeley Chapel—Dr. Percy Dearmer—"Spikes"—Plainsong—Hyde Park preaching—Bishop Creighton—Bishop Ingram—Bob Dolling—Dr. Westcott—Canon Knox Little—St. Mark's, Marylebone Road—"Critical Questions"—Dr. Inge—"Ballad of London Town"—Saltley—Bishop Gore—Nonconformist friends—Dr. Dale—R. J. Campbell—Honorary Canonry—Anonymous Letters.

I MUST crave the reader's indulgence and ask him not to think that, by putting my story in the first person, I want to claim any self-im-

portance in the Church. I am and always shall have been what Dean Farrar (speaking of a newly made bishop) once called "a third-rate ecclesiastic." Like the late Lord Lyttelton, "I go third-class because there is no fourth."

I want to call attention, not to myself, but to the various people I have met (and I have met a good many) in the Church. At the same time, I must perforce intrude some of my opinions on the reader, or he will find himself drowned in an unintelligible hotchpotch of words.

My first experience of Church work was under Father Goulden, of St. Alphege, Southwark. Living alone in London, I used to wonder to myself what I could do for the Church, which I always loved, long before I thought of taking Orders. When quite a little boy I had made up my mind that I could not be a parson because I should never be able to learn to give the Blessing at the end of the service without a book! I admired my two brothers who were going to be ordained, but did not think I could ever emulate them. It was Robert Eyton, with his wonderful sermons at St. Mary's, Graham Street, who converted me to a practical Christianity. His sermons, by the way, were (what is called) "cribbed" from Frederick Denison Maurice, Mason, and Holland, but they were very

wonderful all the same. I am quite sure that it is possible to crib sermons and be very "original" at the same time. Other instances of this were Father Maturin's sermons, which were mostly from Phillips Brooks, and Bob Dolling's, which were mostly Mr. Osborne's. These men took the leading thought from some other preacher, even sometimes the skeleton of the sermon, but made it their own in a very different sense to that in which a thief makes your watch his own. While I am on the subject of cribbing sermons I must refer to the pathetic story of the Lord Mayor who was caught doing it. He addressed a large audience on Sunday morning at the Polytechnic. What must have been his feelings on the following morning when the *Daily Chronicle* set his sermon out in parallel columns with one of Mr. Spurgeon's? Parts of it were, if I remember aright, word for word the same. He got out of the mess somehow. There is a still more famous case of a celebrated preacher who published a sermon with the queer text "And Gashmu saith it." Of course anybody who had read Dr. Talmage's sermon on the same text would naturally compare the two. Many people did this. Comment, as they say, is needless. I may take this opportunity to correct an impression derived from another

sermon by this same preacher. It was a sermon on the death of the late Duke of Clarence. On the frontispiece (I think) the writer quotes the hymn—

Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

Unkind gossips, wanting to make a good story, declare that he printed these words thus—

And let the *Victor* in.

It was not so.

Dr. Liddon's sermons are very easily cribbed. They are so perfectly arranged and so lucid that any parson may be forgiven, I think, for having a try. In connexion with this I remember a Cowley Father (now a Bishop) telling me a good story. He was to preach at Sunday evensong at St. Paul's and it was St. John the Baptist's Day. I suppose he had been reading one of Liddon's sermons on the subject, and he preached it in his own way (a very good way, I may mention, for he was himself a first-rate man). Now, Liddon had been preaching in the afternoon and, as luck would have it, had preached his old published sermon. Somebody kindly informed my friend of this as they sat down to supper. The Cowley Father thought he had better confess at once to Liddon, which he did. It

drew forth from the great preacher one of those delightful sentences which he always delivered with a twinkle of the eye: "Dear friend, it is a pleasure in these days to hear two clergymen saying the same thing."

I remember, too, Dr. Gore making us feel a little uncomfortable once in a retreat, when he dryly remarked that on many of our sermons we could only make this reflection, "Alas! master, for it was borrowed."

Personally, I have found it a good plan (to save the gnawings of conscience) to confess openly when one hears a good sermon: "Look here—I tell you plainly, I am going to crib that." I have even been honoured by having had my own sermons cribbed. This was brought home to me somewhat cruelly once. A very dear friend of mine, one of the best preachers I have ever heard, but a very humble person, was in the habit of jotting down notes of what I said when we took missions together. These he used to fire off in his own parish when he got home to Yorkshire. He once asked me to spend a Sunday with him and preach to his people. I did my best for him, but when his rough north countrymen were asked what they thought of my sermons, they replied: "Why, he's nowt but——!" (mentioning the parson's name). They had heard all my best epigrams before!

This has been a long digression. I was writing of Robert Eyton. It was for him that I did my first bit of district visiting. He had appealed for help in this way, and I answered him by putting myself at his disposal. I shall never forget the terror I experienced when I first knocked at the doors in Pimlico to ask people to come to church. It is a little confusing when a woman looks out of the top window and shouts: "Well, young man, and what do *you* want?" Canon Barnett used to hold that we had no right to force ourselves into people's houses in this way. I suppose the parish clergy must do it, but ought the laity to do so? Certainly in well-to-do quarters it must be very difficult. In the West London Mission a curate was ushered into the midst of a select circle of ladies and gentlemen, and began at once, "Do you have family prayers?" Bishop Wilkinson (when Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square) is said to have insisted on his curates visiting the rich, and I remember hearing how the good Father Mackonochie once felt it incumbent on him (this is not a pun) to storm the shops and warehouses in St. Alban's parish. It may be brave work, but it is certainly very difficult. Nobody would like doing it. Yet we clergy should ask ourselves, Why, if we feel no compunction in behaving like this in a poor

man's house, should we shrink from it in Belgravia?

My first district visiting was a failure. I then boldly wrote to Father Goulden and offered to work for him. I had read his famous "Red Book," describing the wonders of St. Alphege's. It was certainly a terrible parish in those days. The Father had no mercy on the neophytes among his Church workers. He simply planted me down in charge of a rough boys' club and told me to "manage" it. Honestly, I was terrified by those boys, and I know that I did them no good whatever. I could not keep any order amongst them. How could I, straight from Christ Church? It would have been like proposing to read a tract at a Bullingdon dinner. I simply hated those evenings as they came round week by week. But I learnt much that has served me in good stead in after-years. For one thing it was from dear Father Goulden that I learnt to combine the best in Evangelical religion with the best in Catholicism, or rather to know that they are not two religions, but one, if rightly understood. This Evangelical Catholicism of Father Goulden's is the greatest power still for bringing Christians together. You find evidence of this in the life and work of all the most successful "Ritualists" such as Stanton, Dolling, and George Russell.

While militant Protestants are wasting their time in inveighing against the Mass and the Confessional, the Evangelical Catholic is showing the earnest Evangelicals among the Nonconformists that he is after the conversion of souls, and that the confessional is only the penitent form in another guise, while the "Mass" is the great Gospel service and far more Evangelical than Matins. The Nonconformists learn this more quickly than the "Low Churchmen," and that is why they are adopting and adapting Catholic liturgies for use in chapels while the others are still fighting to preserve Matins.

Goulden was called a Methodist. I have been called the same by the editor of "Who's Who" or the "*Daily Mail* Year Book" (I forget which). It was Goulden who made me this. I thank his memory for it. It has always kept me in charity with Nonconformists. "Love conquers all" is most true in Christian work. The happiest moments of my life have been when I have been able to preach in chapels and otherwise fraternize with the Free Churches.

Then came the great turning-point in my career. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," written by a Nonconformist minister (who ought to be canonized), had successfully directed the attention of the West End to the

East. The Universities were aroused, and, whereas up to the year 1883 you could count on your fingers the names of men, like Edward Denison, who had studied the social question on the spot and lived among the people, after that time it became the commonest thing in the world for both "ladies and gentlemen" to explore East London. Toynbee Hall was started, and very soon in its wake came the Oxford House. I wrote boldly to my dear friend Henry Scott Holland, and said that I should like to go there (though my father was old-fashioned enough not to like the idea). I remember going to ask Holland for his advice, and the beautiful prayer he offered up for me to Him "who was always loyal to the Father." For another reason that interview is impressed upon my mind. It was then that I met Charles Gore for the first time.

Oxford House has been so often described that it is hardly necessary to do this again. But it may be worth mentioning that in those early days it was not the grand place it is now. Those were primitive times, when an Oxford don (now Bishop of Truro) could be seen carrying his bath across the road to his diggings in the "Buildings."

On my first night in Bethnal Green there was no room for me in the house, and I remember laughing with my brother over the

quarters in Cheshire Street where I was billeted. The House itself was only an old schoolroom of St. Andrew's parish. On the upstairs floor we partitioned off some cubicles and made a sitting-room where we used to shiver over a stove on winter nights. The leading spirits of the place at that time were Douglas Eyre (who has kept up his connection with the House longer than any of us); Rev. W. E. Jackson, our first Secretary, one of the most patient and good-humoured men I ever met; and Knight Bruce, the Vicar, who afterwards became Bishop of Bloemfontein and Mashonaland in succession, and died early in his career. He was a splendid fellow of the type of Charles Kingsley (whose memory he worshipped), and under whom I was taught to worship three other great names—Westcott, Creighton, and Benson. Knight Bruce had a quaint way of referring to Benson as "the Archbishop who, with the exception of the present company (consisting of oneself, and perhaps two or three other numskulls), is the man with the greatest brains in England." "Garn with you!" is what I always felt inclined to respond. When Jackson left us I was chosen Head of the House, really (this without any mock modesty) because there was nobody else in the place who could devote the time to it. And I could only give my even-

ings, for I was working all day at a solicitor's office.

I have always found that the various places for which I have worked have taught me much more than I ever taught others therein. This was certainly true of Oxford House. We had a very happy time and I formed some lasting friendships. Frederick Seawell and Philip Moor and William Campion (the pioneers of Oxford House) were cut off by death, but Herbert Hensley Henson and Cosmo Gordon Lang and many others I got to know then, and those two, as we all know, are still very much alive. I always flatter myself that I had something to do with the shaping of the careers of those two men. I think I started Henson on his combative career by sending him one Sunday evening to answer G. W. Foote at the Hall of Science on "Christianity and Slavery." I could not go myself, but I fancy that Foote met his equal in the young Fellow of All Souls on that occasion. Henson, having tasted blood, took to fighting the Secularists, who at that time were a real power in East London, and he led another famous debate in Oxford Hall, where everybody agreed that he came off the conqueror. He has continued to fight everybody in turn since—Dissenters, Church Army, Salvation Army, High Church Bishops, Christian Socialists, Army chaplains.

Whether he is as successful in his attacks as he was when he fought Mr. Foote I will not say here.

In the case of Lang it was on this wise. I started the Sunday Afternoon Lectures for Men, which have gone on ever since, and have done a vast amount of good. Dr. Bright gave the first; Lang, who was then a student for the Bar and residing at Toynbee Hall, gave the second. I was so much impressed by his power that I wrote afterwards to him and asked him (though he was a Presbyterian) to give some addresses to men in one of our mission-halls. He used to say that it was that which set him thinking, and eventually caused him (I do not say it was the only cause!) to join the Church of England and prepare for Holy Orders. Little did I think that not many years later I should be with him at Portsea a few days after he had received the King's call to be a Bishop. He was soon afterwards confirmed and ordained. I suppose it is unique for a man to be admitted into the Church's fellowship and then become an Archbishop within about twenty years. Oxford was determined to have him back, and he was made Dean of Magdalen. It was then, and when he became Vicar of St. Mary's, that he did so good a work among undergraduates.

His life of the undergraduate Balfour is

a delightful story of a modern saint who owed much to the influence of the Vicar of St. Mary's, and who was not without his effect on Lang himself. The Archbishop has been fortunate in getting into touch with every phase of life, from the society of Oxford Blues, amateur actors, sempstresses, and curates up to the Throne itself. Dr. Lang's friendship with the late Queen is well known, as also the conversation in which, when Her Majesty suggested his taking to himself a wife, he replied that he could get rid of any of his sixteen curates whenever he wished, whereas he could never get rid of one wife. His acquaintance with Royalty never made him obsequious. On a certain occasion when he had to preach before the present King (then the Duke of York), and he had been told that the Duke did not like missionary sermons, he took good care to preach him one about foreign mission work. His vicariate at Portsea was as noteworthy as all his efforts have been. Mr. Lang would have a blackboard in the pulpit and teach the congregation like children without making them think that they were being treated as such. His Sunday Lectures to men were different from the vapid rubbish that is ordinarily associated with P.S.A.'s. Those who were present at the last meeting at Portsea

will remember how he gathered up into one address all he had tried to teach during his three years—how he had led them on, by means of biographical lectures about “Great Men of the Victorian Era,” to understand what a wonderful century the nineteenth century was, and how much we had all learnt from men of science, poets, painters, and theologians. There was only one of the sixteen curates allowed to take the Vicar’s place, and that was Cyril Garbett, who is now in his master’s place, and still gathers a thousand men to hear him every Sunday. But Portsea could not contain this young spirit for long, and when Bishop Ingram was appointed to London it was felt certain that Lang would go to Stepney. Lord Salisbury sent the letter by mistake to “Southport” (a mixture of South-sea and Landport), and considerable delay ensued in making known the King’s offer. It would be attributing affectation to him to say that he was not pleased. There are some men who cannot help knowing that they are meant to be leaders, and Lang knew that God was using these human authorities to call him to the Episcopate. And splendidly (yes, that is exactly the word) he filled the office of East End Bishop. Back again in the place where he had first found the joy of the Catholic religion, it is not surprising that he did well

for the Church. He was just the man to work with the Bishop of London. More highly gifted intellectually, more dignified, he just contributed to the diocese that element which was needed. There were East London working-men who preferred the dignity of Dr. Lang to the *bonhomie* of the Bishop of London. There were West Enders who liked to hear Dr. Ingram's stories of Bethnal Green better than the Bishop of Stepney's apologetics in the aristocratic churches.

Dr. Lang is one of the few who can preach a really good sermon. His sermons are intensely practical and intelligible, really eloquent and well composed. His exposition of Scripture is unrivalled, except perhaps by Dr. Mason and Dr. Scott Holland. He owes this power to his Presbyterian training, for none knows so well as the Scotsman how to expound.

He is a real orator, as those who listened to his maiden speech in the House of Lords, in defence of the Budget, remember. Noble lords shook their heads and murmured 'something about "youth" and "obvious fallacies"' (the present writer heard them in 'the Lobby'), but could not deny that a new orator had arisen in their midst.

Yet it was in his Budget speech that one also felt a certain deficiency. Here was a prophet, but somehow it was not prophecy.

What a splendid opportunity for him to have given the Lords a hint that God might actually be using Mr. Lloyd George to consider whether the ordinary methods of a ground landlord were quite compatible with the Sermon on the Mount! Instead of which it was an appeal to political economy; it showed how the Budget was not so dangerous as they thought; it hinted that its rejection might land them in difficulties. It was oratory, majestic and wonderful, but it was not prophecy. His sermon at the Coronation was much more prophetic, and his address on Democracy is more what we should wish to expect from him. He recognizes the intensely religious nature of our British Labour Movement and is one of the few Church leaders who has noticed the great Christian meeting of Labour men at the Browning Settlement. This brings me to his C.E.M.S. work. Of course, he has made the C.E.M.S. what it is. He has put heart into the laymen, and there is nobody they will listen to (not even Bishop Ingram) with such enthusiasm as they will to him. Just as it was a bold act on the part of Lord Salisbury to send Dr. Ingram to London, so it was on the part of Mr. Asquith to choose this young man for the northern primacy. But each of these bold actions has already been amply justified. The late Bishop of

Salisbury lamented Archbishop Lang's partial inexperience, but I cannot agree with him. What is the lack of a little experience in the red tape methods of Convocation compared with the delightfully new experience of having a young Archbishop, full of vigour and enthusiasm, backed by abnormal intellectuality, administering the affairs of the northern Church?

I have said little of the spirituality of Dr. Lang, but any one who knows him is aware how intense it is. When dealing with a refractory parson, I remember his saying: "I felt I could not ask the man to kneel down and say a prayer about the matter." He could not give out his own spirit where there was not likely to be any response. That speaks volumes. He has, indeed, all the strong religion of a Scotsman combined with the love of souls and the faith in the sacraments which will always produce a faithful priest and pastor. God bless him!

This seems the place to tell how the Assembly of the Scottish Church wired to Lang on hearing of his preferment: "Come back; all will be forgiven."

But I must continue my autobiography, which seems to occupy the place of the Prayer Book in a certain ritualistic church—"it appears at intervals only to be imme-

diately suppressed." I have never been so important a person in the Church as in those early days of Oxford House. I was the "ecclesiastical young man," always beloved of Bishops and Church ladies. I was asked to address all kinds of meetings, and looked upon as a sort of freak—the fellow who might live in luxury in Belgravia but preferred Bethnal Green. This is only what my friends thought. Personally I hated the West End, and have only been to two grand "parties" in my life. Immediately that I was ordained, two years later, I sank into insignificance. Of those meetings the one that stands out most in my memory is the "Rub Lightly" meeting at Christ Church Hall. It was the first time that the saintly Dr. King had made his bow to an Oxford audience as a Bishop. I had to speak for Oxford House, and I remember Philip Waggett chaffing me about a very vulgarly flashing stud I wore in the centre of my shirt-front, a fashion we had in those days. Dr. King rose to speak and the whole house trembled with applause. Aubrey Moore, in moving a vote of thanks, said: "When an Oxford speaker wants two minutes in which to collect his thoughts, he has only to say 'Dr. King,' and he gets it." Well, the Bishop's speech became famous because of the following sentence. He had been telling us how we

were to treat the poor in Bethnal Green. "I was wondering," he said, "where to find a text for my sermon to-night. All my books are packed up except a Tertullian. But there was a match-box, and on it was written 'Rub lightly.' That's it. Beware of the ecclesiastical 'must'—you must 'rub,' but it must be a light rub."

Nobody but one who knew Dr. King can exactly understand why this "rub lightly" speech evoked such enthusiasm. If you or I were to say it, it would sound flat just as do his young imitators in the pulpit who begin, "Dear people," and always make one angry. It does not do to imitate the saints in that kind of way. A young fool once tried to palm off an address to mothers he had heard Dolling give before an audience of ladies. The result, I am told, was disastrous. While I am on the subject of Dr. King I had better indulge in a few more chestnuts about him. You have heard of the American who on hearing of Edward King's trial said: "You English are a funny race. You don't often get a saint, but when you do you try to put him in prison."

Certainly it was a mad act on the part of that odd Society the Church Association when they singled out Dr. King for prosecution. The Archbishop's judgment was said by Dean Church to be "the bravest thing that ever

came forth from Lambeth." Perhaps it was, but the moral effect of the trial of a ritualistic saint was also the biggest score ever handed over by an adversary to his opponent in a game.

King always said that his Protestant critics did him more good than harm. "You see," he said, "I am so harmless when they find out the truth about me. They say I teach transubstantiation, compulsory celibacy, and the confessional: when they find out that it is the Real Presence, voluntary confession, and the desirability of sisterhoods they will be quite surprised."

He was one of those people whom his religious opponents found it very hard to explain. A Jesuit postulant once told me that in a lecture which he attended on "Grace" the presence of holiness in "non-Catholics" was explained thus: "There is always a flaw somewhere in the lives of non-Catholics. For instance, the Protestant Bishop of Lincoln is said to be a proud man!" I think the lecturer might have done better than to make such a silly mistake. On the other hand, the "Evangelical" undergraduates in my day at Oxford frankly confessed that they could not explain away Dr. King. He had somehow managed to get on all right without having been "converted" after the approved fashion of those

times. "Love conquers all" was never better exemplified than in Dr. King. He bore down opposition by the sympathy which, as Dr. Liddon said, "amounted in him to a genius." His face alone was an inspiration. I remember a very Broad Church don confessing to me the power of King's countenance over him; and we know how some of the Lincolnshire opposition melted away at the very sight of the old man in his "dressing-gown" (as they called his cassock). Nobody had a greater influence in Oxford between the days of Newman and Gore. Yet he was, as I heard him once say, "academically nothing." I wish the authorities would repeat the experiment of making an academical nonentity into a Bishop occasionally. "Bethel," the little outhouse in his garden at Christ Church, was the place where Sunday by Sunday this perfect love worked its wonders. He had a great sense of humour, and was quite alive to the awkwardness and *gaucherie* of some of the undergraduates, especially of those who were seeking Holy Orders. "We must get them in," he used to say with a twinkle in his eye, "and teach them which sides to put their knives and forks at meals." Personally I got to know him by singing comic songs to him after dinner. He forgave me many things in after-years because of those songs. He always saw the grotesque

side of things. The frequent crossing of themselves by ritualistic boys he called "lamb's-tails." The initiated will, I suppose, know why. After the death of his old mother he came back from the cathedral one evening and said: "How sorry I am that she is not here for me just to be able to say, 'What a horrid sermon!' Then I should feel quite happy." Was it friendly sarcasm or was it sublime innocence that made him warn us on the first Sunday in Lent not to fast too much? When I remember the "Loders" and "Rousers" in the pews (they were the two crack clubs at the House) I think it must have been the former. Mr. Gladstone had the prophetic insight to make him a Bishop, although (as he said) "I have voted against him all my life." In his diocese the same old fascination continued among the ploughboys and farmers.

"He must have been a ploughboy hisself," said one Confirmation candidate, listening to the advice of the Bishop on the treatment of horses.

"I war cuttin' turnups t'other morning," said another, "and they were that awkward, an' I broke out swearing; but then I remembered what t'old Bishop said when I war confarmed, an' so down I plunged on my knees among t' turnups an' prayed to be forgiven."

What, again, could be sweeter than this?

Once in the lambing season the Bishop pictured the awful result of taking the lambs away from their mothers. So people's souls would dwindle and die if they were taken from prayer and Holy Communion and their mother the Church.

“The two sets of persons who will go straight to heaven,” said the Bishop once, “are the Tommies, and the old ladies who give a whole hyacinth to the altar.” People who have no sense of humour will call this frivolous, but not those who knew Dr. King.

This may seem a good point at which to write a word about my Oxford acquaintances among the clergy. My Headship of Oxford House prolonged my Oxford life far beyond my undergraduate days, and it was after those days that I became “ecclesiastical.” I was looked upon as a buffoon before I took my degree, and if I fell in with the parsons it was chiefly to sing them comic songs at a temperance meeting. With Canon Scott Holland, for example, I came in contact at first, not as the budding priest but as the actor. This I describe in another part of the book. But my affection for him and for the late Francis Paget (my dear tutor) began long before I thought I should be ordained. I never felt so much at home with Paget as with Holland: I should never, for instance, have dared to write to “Dear Paget,” while I think Holland was

“ dear ” before I had known him a week. I look upon Francis Paget as the highest example I have ever come across of a pure, simple Christian gentleman. He was one of those men in whose company I always felt a restraint because of his heart-searching holiness and transparent purity. This book, for instance, would have grated on his nerves, though it must not be thought that he did not love a joke or could not make one. Canon Scott Holland has shown us that in his “ Bundle of Memories.” The reader is referred to that marvellous book, and therein to Paget’s exquisite reply to the suggestion that the learned Mr. Swallow should be asked to write a new Summa Theologica, “ It is not every Swallow that can make a Summa.” He was conscientious to a degree unparalleled. His rooms were under mine at the House, and if in conversation he thought he had perhaps not made his own position quite clear or had been in any way unjust he would come upstairs and knock at the door to correct the impression he might have left in my mind before he could go to bed in peace. He worshipped his own father, the late Sir James Paget. “ I have never known him wrong,” he said to me once. It was a great grief to Paget when any of his pupils got into trouble. Once upon a time my brother (now a very respectable Vicar) so

far forgot himself as to place a cheese-cover full of flour on the head of a fellow-diner in Hall, called "B." The authorities were very angry about this. Years afterwards, on the Queen's birthday, I led off the National Anthem at dinner in Hall, and the whole assembly (excepting, I suppose, the dons) caught it up. I was fined. Paget could not help laughing about it, and remarked, "It was so awfully like Reggie bonneting 'B.'" "B," I may mention, was also the hero (or victim) of the great Christ Church hoax in the seventies, when his friends printed three hundred bogus cards inviting the tradesmen of Oxford to call on him at 10 a.m. to receive orders. The result was very alarming, especially when the undertaker arrived to measure "B" for his coffin! "B" was really a delightful person, I believe, and took it all in good part. But I am wandering from the ecclesiastical to the miscellaneous, and I must return to Francis Paget.

Any one who has read his sermons knows that he was one of the few clergy left who could, or rather did, really compose a homily. They are gems of literature as well as of deep spiritual power. I never felt this power more than on the last occasion on which I heard him, shortly before his death. It was at a "Convention" at which we had just listened to a torrent of words from a distinguished

parson, who told us exactly how many times a certain word was mentioned in the Bible. We were simply "fed up" with Dan. i., Phil. ii., John iii., and Col. iv., etc. Then, after this discordant storm of "Concordance," we had ten minutes' exposition of a passage in St. Peter by Paget, calm and thoughtful and devout, given without a note or a fault.

His letters, too, were marvels of composition. I cannot imagine him ever writing a hasty note. His caligraphy was alarming in its precision. I have no space here to reproduce any of his letters to myself, but I can only say that of all the advice I ever received at critical moments in my career none was more carefully given or sounder than his.

As to Canon Scott Holland, it would require a volume to write what I should like to about him.

It is very difficult to write temperately and impersonally of another to whom one owes almost everything that he feels to be of any value in his own life. Were I asked for whom I would especially thank God, as Kingsley thanked God for Maurice, so would I for Holland. But for him I should never have gone to Oxford House or the Christ Church Mission, and without them I might have been an atheist or a "moderate" Anglican parson. Even in my Oxford days I should probably

have been sent down in disgrace for illicit acting if Holland had not interceded for me with the Vice-Chancellor. Then there was the Christian Social Union. That would never have come into being without him; and what do I not owe to that Society? But, chiefly, it has been the presence of a dear friend, seldom seen now, it is true, but felt to be in the midst. The *Commonwealth* is to me a kind of sacrament to assure me that the good man is alive (and shall I say kicking?), that the dear heart still beats with love and the dear soul still quivers with joy and fun as of old. No one, not even Bob Dolling or Henry Bromby among the faithful departed, or Charles Gore and George Russell among the living, means so much to me in the daily struggle of Church life.

He is very much alive, one who may be called the Peter Pan of the Church—the boy who never grows old. Right through all the dreary periods of Huxley and Wace, of Temple and the older Kensit, of Liddon and “Lux Mundi,” of Henson and the Christian Social Union, up to the days of Chesterton and Dr. Saleeby, Redmond and Carson, Lansbury and Lloyd George, Asquith and the Pankhursts, Dr. Holland lives and laughs and loves, and never quarrels with any one. I kept a diary at Eton, covered with ink blots, and therein I wrote on a certain Sunday evening these words,

“Excitable priest preached.” It was the impression made on me by hearing and seeing Holland for the first time. Sunday by Sunday we had been bored by the old Fellows who seemed never to have been boys themselves, by irritating strangers who told us the story of Bishop Patteson as if we had never heard it before, who reminded us in the summer half that there was a “spiritual bat,” and in the football season babbled about heavenly goals. Here at last was a preacher who was alive. He described the functions of the heart, as then known to science. It was indeed very exciting. It was a boy speaking to boys, but the amazing thing is that he is still a boy as he talks to us in middle age. Yet, of course, he is not merely boyish. That is the stupid mistake that a few people still continue to make about him. They think he is only joking. That is because they have no sense of humour themselves, and have not learned the simple lesson that it is the things of which we think most seriously that we generally laugh about. Canon Scott Holland is strangely misunderstood by many. We can forgive the little girl who saw nothing in him but a walking “*Gradus ad Parnassum*,” and said, “What a lot of adjectives he knows!” We can, perhaps, forgive the witty Bishop, on the look-out for a new *bon mot* wherewith to

keep up his reputation, who remarked that he never used one word when five would do; but we cannot forgive the tame asses of the desert who cannot detect the tremendous earnestness beneath his fun. His fun is really the exuberance of his Christian joy and hope. He is being "saved by hope." He must have his joke, and it is a good thing for us all that he must. He cannot help laughing at a politician floundering in theology; a comfortable statesman looking for votes while the poor are looking for bread; a Nonconformist pastor worshipped by his flock while he declaims against priestcraft; a Radical minister persecuting people for their opinions; or a Bishop seriously alarmed because we do not have "Matins at 11.0" in Tibet, or expound the Act of Uniformity to the Fiji Islanders.

British anti-Socialists who do not go to church, but are terrified by reports of continental atheism; political Liberals who have forgotten all their principles of religious equality; the old gentlemen at the Carlton Club who see the Pope and his Cardinals lurking beneath the folds of an Anglican chasuble; Secularists who, with ponderous mid-Victorian arguments, declare that Christianity is played out—at all these and many others Dr. Holland just smiles and goes on his way, "walking and leaping and

praising God." He will never give in. He will never despair. England (the very name is honey on his lips), the Church of England, the State, the people—these are all great facts, full of power, possibility, destiny; they are not to be apologized for or doubted. All will come right, not, of course, by "muddling through," but by active, energetic life which is bubbling and pushing and means to come out.

This is what makes him the greatest of all our speakers on foreign missions. I remember a great meeting at Exeter Hall which I always look upon as the beginning of the new missionary spirit which has resulted in "Missions of Help," and the general liveliness in the mission-field as compared with the state of things twenty years ago. He got in his joke on that occasion about St. James's Hall and the Christy Minstrels. In St. James's Hall the black is grease paint, and you laugh at it: in Exeter Hall (it was not an hotel then) you learn that the black is in the blood, and in Christ we are brethren, whatever our colours. Now, the occupation of Canon Holland on that one day was symbolic of the many-sidedness of his work. Already he had, I think, been battling with the Home Secretary all the morning about women's work, and pleading at Holborn Town Hall all the afternoon for a

living wage, long before Convocation had dared suggest that it might be right. Another mistake that people make about the Doctor is to think that, because he is a "Christian Socialist," he has no other interests but those that have to do with economics and industry. Once we were preparing for a General Mission in Birmingham, and the clergy were considering the names of those who should come and prepare us for it. Canon Holland was suggested. "Oh! I think we must have a spiritual address," said somebody. What a futile remark! In the first place, why should it be considered "unspiritual" to prepare the way of the Lord in a great commercial city by mentioning social problems? Would an Isaiah or an Amos or a John the Baptist be likely to avoid such subjects in Birmingham? But, in the second place, how ignorant such a man must have been of Holland himself. I could not myself imagine Holland being unspiritual in dealing with social questions. The fuel that makes the fire of all his social prophecy is religion, is the gospel. He is very jealous for the Lord of Hosts. He simply cannot separate the gospel of Christ from the gospel of the Kingdom of God on the earth. The very foundation of all, he says, is Christ Jesus of Nazareth, the Holy Ghost, the Catholic Church, the Sacraments. People who think thus of him

can never have read his books, let alone heard him speak.

A word, now, about his books. It is much to be deplored that he has never published a big book, a *magnum opus*. Almost all his writing is to be found in sermons, or in the *Commonwealth*. Still, there is plenty to be found in them, so much, indeed, that when I once tried to arrange a volume of excerpts the publisher rejected it, because it ran into a quarter of a million words. The result of my attempt was, however, the issuing of "Personal Studies," one of his very best books, in which we have about ten sketches which tell us more about the men he deals with than can be found in the twenty heavy volumes of their biographies. His sermons are intensely scriptural; in fact, one could not do better than take certain parts of the Bible, such as St. John, the Romans, the Ephesians, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables, and cull from his sermons all he has said about them, verse by verse. It would be one of the best commentaries that one could imagine. Again, he is a thorough Churchman. Anglicanism has never had a better apologist. "Creed and Character," which to my mind remains his best book, is the finest exposition of the Church position I know. "Christ or Ecclesiastes" and "The City of God" should also be read

again and again. One of the most beautiful descriptions of the Blessed Sacrament ever written is in his article published in the *Religious Review of Reviews*, a magazine which is now defunct.

But though Canon Holland is so devout a Churchman, he is in no way the narrow ecclesiastic. He can stand his own on almost any subject. Is it music? Read his "Life of Jenny Lind." Is it art? Read him on Ruskin in the *Commonwealth*. Is it philosophy? Read his anticipation of many of our modern novelties in "Logic and Life," written thirty years ago. Is it biblical criticism? Read his "Lecture on the Fourth Gospel," delivered at Aberdeen. Is it poetry? He is a poet himself. He has the mind of a poet. What could be more poetic than this description of spring?

"No! There is nothing in the world more beautiful than the coming of spring on an English countryside. Each year we doubt whether it can be so absolutely entralling as the records in our memory assert. And then right in our face the whole miracle is done again. It is flung at us in its infinite variety, in its rollicking exuberance, in its unstinted and immeasurable splendour. Our former language, excited and ecstatic as it was, turns out to be miserably inadequate to the actual facts which laugh it down into humiliating

insignificance. That glow of the gleaming green on the larches is far beyond our finest remembrance of its fascination. The yellow flush on the willows, the purple tufts of the poplars, the sudden outbreak of the hazels, the shimmering glory on the birches, the sheen of the sunlight on the deep lawns of grass. These are what they were when 'the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' And the cherry-blossoms are unimaginable, humming with the live music of the bees. And the sweet breaths of air positively pulse with the song of nightingales; and the dome of heaven rings with the crowded gladness of the lark: and the wise thrush 're-captures' with overwhelming success 'his first fine careless rapture' and sings and sings it over and over again, as if his and your delight in it could never end."

There I must leave him or the reader will also kick, but as I re-read what I have written I feel it is but a meagre tribute to one who to my mind is the greatest prophet and priest of the Anglican Church. I can only thank God that he has been preserved from the subtle influence of the episcopal Upas-tree and can dance happily in the dear Tom Quad, as of old, in the freedom of his professorship. Of course, he ought to be a Cardinal, but apparently we cannot rise to that yet in our old

State Church. The heralds tell us that Canons may wear green hats with one tassel. Could he not be persuaded to start the fashion?

The next autograph in my book which calls up Oxford memories is that of Philip Napier Waggett. I little thought when I used to nod "good morning" to the young science student as he passed through Peckwater that there went one of the strongest personalities whom I was to reckon as my friend in the near future. "The cleverest man I know," was said of him by one who knows most of the great men of the day. When Aubrey Moore passed away it was instinctively felt that Philip was the only man who could succeed to his position in the Church as its best apologist on the side of science and theology. I cannot attempt to describe him. At the time of writing he is working as a military chaplain and has been mentioned in the dispatches of the Commander-in-Chief. I was talking one day near the front to a fellow-officer of his and what he said expresses at least one truth about Waggett. "There is no subject upon which he is not an expert: if we talk of music or art or science or theology or the war, he seems to know everything. He has even got a new game for the little French child, who lives here, every evening." That is Waggett all over. Although science is of course his

strongest point--when he lectured to some doctors in London once they found he had been reading far more up-to-date books than they had--yet he is somehow able to master all subjects. In fact, it is sometimes more difficult to get him to talk science than other things. "Doctor ---" he began a speech once--"who is always much less bored by biology than I am."

I remember once when we had got him to lecture on "Heredity" at a University and he had given us something much better than he had ever written in a book--books are said not to be his forte--we were dismayed to find the next morning that the reporters had made a hopeless muddle of it. We thought we had got something intelligible and concise out of him at last. But it was not to be.

One of his best books, "The Scientific Temper in Religion," consists of the sermons he gave at my church, St. Mark's, Marylebone Road, in 1903. His great friend was George Romanes, with whom he had a spiritual intimacy into which we cannot pry, but it is an open secret that Philip ought to have written his Life, which would have been, among other things, a most valuable piece of Christian apologetic. Not that Philip would ever write or preach apologetic in the vulgar way. It is exactly his reserve and his artistic way of

putting things which makes him so powerful an apologist. To him the truly scientific way of apologetic is not by logical reasoning but by experiment. I remember his once telling me that a scientific man is always much more impressed by the holy life of a saint than by any arguments from the professional apologist. He was always a little impatient when people asked him for scientific reassurances in order to bolster up their religion. "The truly religious man does not want to know why he stands on his hind legs, but whether when he prays by the graveside of his wife he is going to see her again." All the same, I think Philip is a little provoking sometimes. There are people who are beset by the over-confident unbelievers who tell us that nearly all scientific men are atheists, and we rather like to have a Cowley Father who can show cause why you can be scientific and Christian at the same time. Of course it is the fashion to say that the quarrel between science and religion is all over now that Queen Victoria is dead, but if you live near factories and do not only read the Chestertons you cannot feel quite so sure about that. I wish I could reproduce some of Philip Waggett's letters, of which I possess scores, but there is no room here. There is a sort of Ruskinian flavour about them and something else which

is all his own. But there is one which may be worth printing. It was announced in the newspapers that Waggett was to be Bishop of Stepney. I believe there was no foundation for the report, but this was his reply to a very effusive congratulation that I sent to "my very dear Philip."—

A thousand thanks for your kindest letter. I am afraid you will have a pang of disappointment when you hear that I am not going to be Bishop. Who starts these reports? What shocks there must have been to-day in many worthy bosoms, and what articles are being written! It is quite difficult to believe, after to-day's letters, that nothing has happened at all.

I still live in hopes that I may have again to write my congratulations some day and shall receive a different answer. There are many more Oxford friends of whom I should like to write: of that splendid father-in-God the present Bishop of Winchester, always so kind to me at the University and at Bethnal Green; of Dr. Sanday, who was always ready to help me in answering difficult questions in those days when, as I have said, East London was a hotbed of secularism; of Dr. Bright, who would write me pages of Church history and affectionately warn me against socialism and loose theology; of Dr. Liddon, who would honour me by asking me to preach in St. Paul's and treat me with a dignified sympathy under which I felt crushed. Liddon,

however, did not ordinarily crush one. He was so gentle and sweet and urbane. I remember being told off by Mr. Frank Harris to try to persuade Liddon to answer some articles in the *Fortnightly* by Dean Fremantle on "The New Reformation." These articles were among the first indications of growing modernism amongst the Anglican clergy and, incidentally, the cause of Father Ignatius's wild attacks on the unfortunate Dean. Liddon was very kind, but very firm in his refusal. "Dear friend," he said, "if the editor really thinks these articles dangerous why does he publish them?"

Afterwards he wrote me a characteristic letter on the whole question, and hinted that if he had complied with my request he would have called his article "The New Absurdity." As an instance of how rapidly thought develops, it is interesting here to note that Dr. Pusey was alarmed by Liddon's Bampton, Liddon by Dr. Gore's, and now Dr. Gore is alarmed by "Foundations." So the way of theology is marked by shaking milestones.

In those Oxford House days we did not trouble ourselves much about theological quarrels, though our position was very clearly differentiated from that of Toynbee Hall. We called ourselves "Church of England" and worked in connection with the parish churches

of the neighbourhood. Toynbee Hall, on the other hand, did all kinds of social work without asking for any test from its residents. On the whole, the Settlement movement has developed more on the religious side than any other, and it looks as if the Oxford House had set before itself the highest ideal. On the other hand, Toynbee Hall had a deeply spiritual man at its head to begin with, and, though he belonged to no particular party and confined his strictly religious work to his own Church of St. Jude's, it was impossible for Canon Barnett's influence at Toynbee Hall to be non-Christian. He made a deep study of East End life, and really knew the people. He caught the ear of the Universities, especially of Oxford. "Do you realize," he would say, "that all our social system is arranged on the tacit assumption that there is a leisured class in every locality who will see that the laws are carried out and generally keep the social life going? Do you also realize that there is no such class in East London, where it is most wanted? Come and be that class, not in a patronizing spirit but in a spirit of neighbourliness. You will find that there is more for you to learn than to teach."

Canon Scott Holland put it into more picturesque language when he said, "Come and be the squires of East London."

Many foolish and cruel things were said about Barnett's work, and the very remembrance of them makes us see how much we have learned since then. For instance, when a fountain was erected outside St. Jude's Church it was supposed to be "unspiritual," and people sneered at what they called "Christianity assisting at its own funeral."

They shrugged their shoulders, too, at the "worship hour" at St. Jude's which Barnett substituted for Evensong. "Poor folk cannot understand," he said, "why giggling choir boys should keep on singing, 'Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.'" I remember a dear Salvation Army officer once in St. John's, Bethnal Green, being unable to contain himself when he heard that well-known versicle and crying out, "Turn us all into good shouting saints, Lord!"

There are still some people who have not the wit to see what Barnett was driving at when he opened his Picture Exhibition in Whitechapel, or read Tennyson to his flock as well as David.

He was always deeply concerned about Labour problems, but there was never a man less given to fruitless agitation. When he did agitate it was with a knowledge and determination to be fair to all parties. He knew the faults of the rich, but also the faults of

the poor. He never shrank from telling either of them the truth to their faces.

I think his article in a book called "Christianity and the Working Classes" (edited by George Haw) is one of the very sanest and at the same time most truly spiritual accounts of the religious situation that I know. He deplored what he called "impertinence" in the masses. Of course he did not mean by that the ordinary "cheekiness" of street boys, but rather a spirit of ignorant and insolent contempt for tradition, or for old age, or for well-tried maxims and principles. The famous letter from past and present heads of settlements on "Poverty and Luxury" is well worth reading in view of present problems. It is the best piece of "Christian Socialism" I know. It may interest our readers to hear how it came to be written.

I have always myself believed that there should be missions to the rich, and that the message delivered to them should be by those who really understand the social problem. I suggested to a Bishop who was about to hold a mission to the West End of London that Canon Barnett should accompany him and do the "penitent-form" work. This was thought to be a very odd idea. I suppose it is because we think that there is only one way of working a penitent form, the Evangelical way (so-

called). To my mind there is a more truly Evangelical way than the fashionable one—namely, the way of St. John the Baptist, who was a casuist and dealt with each class differently (the Pharisees, the publicans, the soldiers, etc.). It seemed to me that Barnett was exactly the man to tell the rich how to repent, and I still think he was the man. In the article mentioned above Barnett has some excellent ideas about the different kinds of preachers. Some are like Theudas, “giving himself out to be somebody,” and trying to arouse emotions and passions through his own personality. Others are like the Scribes, trying to get acceptance for religion by apologetics and intellectual arguments. But the best are those, like John the Baptist, who appeal to the conscience, bidding men face what they know to be wrong and to give it up, and equally to face what is right and to do it.

Well, not meeting with much sympathy in episcopal quarters, I appealed to Barnett himself, and this is how he replied in his characteristic way:—

“What I fear is that a mission as usually understood is a form of excitement which weary people might like as a change. If you can induce the Bishop to use the power he has won in calm, well-thought-out denunciation of smart life, I believe good will follow. The

denunciation must not be sensational, but go home as straight as our Lord's words. By all means tell him that in my opinion the luxury of West End living is the chief obstacle to East End improvement. 'You will never help the East till you destroy the West,' was one of Ruskin's warnings to one of the first of the Oxford groups who came East. The truth underlying this exaggeration is borne home to me. An example of simple life in high places, a protest against the vulgarity of 'having' when 'being' is possible would turn the current of people's thoughts. A simple life would be the distinguishing mark of a Christian. What is to be done? Shall we—you and I and others—memorialize the Bishop? Would a published protest, something on the lines of the enclosed, be any good? It might be signed by past and present heads of settlements."

Then followed the letter, from which there is only room to give a few extracts here:—

"We are led to believe that luxury which leads people to much expenditure on private enjoyment, amusement, or display, without making them more useful to the community, is an actual cause of poverty."

"It seems to set 'having' rather than 'being' as the chief object of life, and under its influence the individual's powers of admiration, hope, and love are neglected."

“Luxury prepares the way to poverty.”

“It materializes the nature of the people so that they gradually become indifferent to the intelligent action and the spiritual aspiration which are necessary to progress.”

“It induces the selfishness which makes us as a nation indifferent to the ugliness of our towns and cities.”

“It leads to cruelty in our industrial relation.”

“The dominant ideals make or unmake a nation, and luxury exalts an ideal which seems to us to be anti-social.”

Roughly speaking, we may say that Canon Barnett has helped the Church to enlarge its views as to the field in which it is to work in order to carry out the redemptive work of Christ. He has brought the ideas of Maurice about the kingdom of God into actual working. He has given a practical meaning to much of the religious talk about brotherhood. It always seemed to me that his preference for the word “friendship,” rather than brotherhood, made his teaching and practice more human. It is better to try to realize true friendship than to talk of brotherhood which we don't really feel. We are friends and neighbours. Let us behave as such. The time may come when, having realized friendship, we may be able more genuinely to talk

of brotherhood. Barnett's work on the Children's Country Holiday Fund was due to this belief in friendship. He hated the ordinary Sunday School treat. He wanted a more permanent relationship to be formed between town and country.

Barnett was never a party man in politics or religion. That is why he was able to do so much with all parties. He saw the good in the "ritual" movement, and adopted what he thought made for reality in worship. He had no partisan axe to grind.

It was no small gratification to me that on going to Bristol he wrote thus: "It is always to me a pleasant memory that while my clerical neighbours misunderstood, you did understand and openly gave support." He referred to the time when I was starting the Oxford House and he was starting Toynbee Hall. Much has happened since then. It is a joy to me to recollect that, although the aims and methods of the two settlements were, and still are, somewhat different, there was no antagonism. I am convinced that in the death of Canon Barnett the Church and nation have lost one of the very few prophets that we have had in our midst for a hundred years.

He was a great man, and I blush to think that while Toynbee Hall had this man as its Warden, Oxford House had to be content

with such an inferior article in me as its Head.

Oxford House has always maintained its essentially Anglican character, and has turned out a succession of excellent priests and bishops. But it must not be thought from this that it has been merely a theological college. From the very first we worked the club idea, and though now there is not so much enthusiasm for these institutions as there was, I think they have done a great amount of good.

We wanted to get a footing in the place, and we found that the very best way was then to start a club. There were a large number of men who did not want to come to church and yet who were dissatisfied with the drinking clubs and the political ones. We provided them with a place to spend the evening in, and very soon there gathered round the place all kinds of institutions, athletic clubs and dramatic clubs, etc.

The Sunday lectures gave us the opportunity to make it quite clear that we were Christians out for the conversion of souls.

If Oxford House did not progress very rapidly in those early days, it was because we had not the plant in men or buildings. Moreover, I was not the man to collar the University. Barnett was ahead of me on one side and Bob Dolling with his Magdalen

College Mission on the other. It was reserved in the providence of God for Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram to lead the victorious army which eventually conquered the University.

When I had once made up my mind to be ordained I felt that I must leave Oxford House. There is too much of the free-lance in me to allow me to be the head of an institution that is forced by the nature of things to be conventional. The Head of Oxford House has to represent the University in a particular department. You might as well expect a vegetarian or an anti-vivisection agitator to be M.P. for Oxford as a pronounced Socialist to represent the University in East London Church life. It would never do. But before I could be ordained I had to make quite sure that I was right in giving up my legal career, which was just beginning. I think I may say that it was Archbishop Benson who finally decided that for me. He was a very close friend of my father's, who used to call him "St. John." I went to him and asked his advice. He was at first somewhat against the idea, because he thought that a layman in the world was more wanted than more parsons in the Church. But we prayed together at the little *prie-Dieu* in his bedroom, and I departed with his blessing and the resolution to take Orders.

There is a story of me and Archbishop

Benson which my friends have elaborated and made rather funny. He was opening Oxford Hall some years later when I had left Bethnal Green, and my name was almost forgotten by the men. I had been breakfasting with him at Lambeth that morning and had given him a few hints for his speech. This is what he said and this is how it was received:—

“A young man called on me this morning. I told him I was coming to Oxford Hall and I asked him what subject I should speak upon. He replied at once, ‘Religion!’ (Dead silence.) Dear friends, who was that young man? (Breathless silence.) It was Mr. Adderley! (Silence.) I say, it was Mr. Adderley!! (Dead silence.) I repeat, it was Mr. Adderley!!!” (A silence that was so much felt that the Primate was obliged to pass on to the next point.)

This reminds me of Father Goulden’s funeral, which was described as the “funeral of the costers’ parson.” But not a coster, it was said, could be seen.

Dr. Benson was fond of coming down to East London. I accompanied him back from the opening of the People’s Palace, and remember a woman looking right into the carriage and saying, “He does look a dear!” She was admiring his long hair and his “nightgown.” Benson did not quite like

these little attentions. Father Stanton would have laughed and answered back, as he is said to have done when a man said, "He's got my old woman's nightgown on" (alluding to his cassock), "My dear fellow, if your wife's nightgown is as black as this do get her to have it washed!"

The only time I can remember the "Cocoa Press" lapsing into genuine humour was when it described Benson once as "the Archbishop of Canterbury, better known as the father of the author of 'Dodo.'"

He always took a fatherly interest in me, and made a special point of preaching at my church in Poplar, when he was astonished at the enormous congregation which gathered to hear him.

It is well known, of course, that he was keenly alive to the urgency of the social problem, though his activity in the direction of reform did not go much beyond writing and speaking. Once upon a time, Tom Mann, at a drawing-room meeting in the West End, accused the clergy of apathy. The Archbishop, hearing of this, invited him to Lambeth, and taxed him with it. Going up to the book-shelf, he took down a book and began reading. "This," said the Archbishop, "is written by a clergyman: what do you think of it?" "Oh, *that's* all right," said Tom Mann; "who wrote

it?" "I did," said the Archbishop, somewhat triumphantly, presenting him with the book. The book was "Christ and His Times," and the passage which the Archbishop read was, I think, from the famous chapter on "Suffering Populations." Tom Mann told me once that he had often made use of the book at socialist meetings.

The Archbishop believed in the social aspect of the Holy Communion, and could not bear to think of selfishness and narrowness among communicants. "The very phrase 'My Communion' is a contradiction in terms," he said to me once. "It should be 'Our Communion.'"

On another occasion he was most emphatic about the need of more definite teaching by the clergy to their flocks. "Why will the clergy preach so many hortatory sermons instead of teaching their people the Faith?" he said.

The Archbishop believed in the revival of Brotherhoods in the Church. "I believe in Brotherhoods," he wrote in 1892, "for the Brothers' sakes and the Church's. I do think they are rapidly becoming a necessity for the discharge of our work in dense populations."

Later on he proved the sincerity of these words by carefully revising and finally signing with loving words of sympathy the Rules of a

Brotherhood lately begun in the Church of England.

But the sweetest story about our dear Father is that in which we have been told that it used to be a tradition at the school where he was educated that it was "easy to be good when Benson came to the school." Few boys, we think, have had such a thing said of them by their companions.

I was succeeded at the Oxford House by my old friend Herbert Hensley Henson, whom I was always quarrelling with and always forgiving. In those days we corresponded about every week, and I believe I knew more about the inner workings of the Dean's strange conscience than many who have looked at him only from the outside. I am never tired of defending him against culpable inconsistency, of which he is often accused. People say: "Look at Henson, who used to abuse Dissenters, and now talks of Reunion. Look at Henson, who was the great defender of the Catholic episcopate, and now writes against the doctrine of apostolical succession." But I do not see the inconsistency as others think they do. Henson's attacks on Nonconformity in old days were merely due to his Establishmentarianism. He still holds to that. The Establishment was (and I believe still is), with him a "craze,"



Harry Woolcombe, 1901.
Herbert Henson, 1888.

William Jackson, 1884.
Bishop Ingram, 1889.

James Adderley, 1885.
Bernard Wilson, 1898.

SIX HEADS OF OXFORD HOUSE.

1884—1901.

as Mr. Gladstone once said it was with Archbishop Benson. I do not say that Henson has not changed—of course he has, because he is alive—but he has not changed so much as people think. He never held the Tractarian view of apostolical succession. Where he has changed most has been in giving up old Liberal catchwords such as Home Rule, in which at one time he ardently believed, and also, perhaps, in his love for some Catholic institutions. He is fond of fighting, and deserves his nickname of the “stormy petrel” of the Church. The Convocation of Canterbury is, I should think, very much less lively now that he has gone north. The parson who said to him, “If only you could remember that you are not the most intellectual clergyman in the Church, but you are the most affectionate,” was giving him an excellent hint. His affectionate disposition has won him more victories, and might win him many more, than his fertile brain. Now that Francis Paget and Dean Church have gone, he is one of the very few who take pains to write a literary sermon. But he loves to be in opposition, and prides himself on being a sort of ecclesiastical Ishmael (though a well-paid one). He has more heart than he gives himself credit for possessing, and he wilfully (I think) hides it. It is a thousand pities that he has not been kept at parish work much

longer. His monthly service for communicants at Barking was one of the most inspiring services I ever attended, and I am not at all sure that he will not make an excellent Bishop some day, just because he will then once more come in contact with the souls of sinners and weak Christians, who want comfort rather than dialectics and diatribes. Well, it was he who in the providence of God took my place at Oxford House, and it is characteristic of him as an unconscious humorist, that in his opening address (in my presence) he quoted the words,—

Ring out the false,
Ring in the true.

My preparation for Orders brought me into direct contact with two more remarkable men, Bishop Walsham How and Frederick Temple, Bishop of London.

Walsham How was a humble saint, who, by his life of love, did more for the Church in East London than any one else has done, except, perhaps, Ingram. He was an odd companion for Bishop Temple. Walsham How used to talk of his "two years in the school of one Tyrannus" as descriptive of his life in the Diocese of London. But he said what was perfectly true when he used to assure us of the heart of love that lurked beneath the

rough exterior of Frederick Temple. The least thing would bring tears to Temple's eyes. When addressing the Missioners at the beginning of the great London Mission, he simply broke down. I remember in the middle of the Kensit crisis in 1898, when he wrote remonstrating with a certain prominent Anglo-Catholic, and asking him to come and see him, I prophesied, "When you meet each other he will cry." And he did.

It would be absurd to attempt to write down all the stories I have heard about Temple. Most of them are well known. It may be interesting, however, to note that the story about the Fulham cabman who grumbled about his fare, and said in revenge, "St. Paul would not have lived in a palace here," and how the Bishop said, "No, he would have been at Lambeth, and the fare there is only a shilling!" is not true. It never happened so. The famous "Never knew yer aunt so I can't say," was told of Archbishop Whately many years before Temple. This is a curious instance of how myths arise and stories are handed on from age to age. There are many more such. I have heard a story of Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury, which was certainly told of "Soapy Sam" forty years before, and Lady Wimborne's donkey story was, to my knowledge, being told when I was an Eton boy,

about forty years ago. There is one good story of Temple which is not so often told as the others. He had been holding a confirmation and had missed his train home. The Vicar, foreseeing that this meant the Bishop's presence at Evensong, asked him to preach. He refused. Then to be prepared against all criticism, the Vicar said, "I would like to inform your lordship that I used to preach written sermons, but I have lately registered a vow never to preach except extempore. I find it so much better." Grunt from the Bishop. The sermon came and went. Steps were heard tramping up the aisle to the sacristy. Then the Bishop, before all the choir and sidesmen, raised his hand over the Vicar and said, "I hereby absolve you from your vow!" Another story, which mid-Victorians may think a little coarse, runs thus. A certain Mrs. Quiverful said to the Bishop, "Oh, my lord, I do believe you haven't seen my last baby!" "No, and I don't believe I ever shall!"

I suppose I have had as much experience of the abruptness of Bishop Temple as any one. "Thank you," was the shortest letter I ever received from him or any one else. I once wired to him for leave for a layman to preach in my church. "You shouldn't make your arrangements by telegram," was all I got

in reply. I think he was fond of me up to a point. "There's such a lot of 'go' about your boys!" he wrote once to my father. He could never remember that some "boys" grow up. This failing was rather serious once in my case. I went to see him after his famous Encyclical on the doctrine of the Church of England. In the letter he seemed to me to indicate that it was disloyal for an Anglican to bow before the Blessed Sacrament. I told him that to be *ordered* not to do it was like telling a person not to kiss his mother. He replied, "You could leave the Church of England or go into lay communion." I went away rather crestfallen and told Bishop Creighton what he had said. Later on Bishop Creighton wrote to me and said, "The Archbishop thought you would understand, as he had known you from a boy!" Why this fact made it any better I could never understand. The affair evidently rankled in his mind, because, some years afterwards, when I wrote to ask his advice about something else, he replied, "You asked my advice once and you didn't take it. I think I am not the person to consult."

I wrote a mild remonstrance, but all I got was, "Your second letter shows me that my first was right." I think I must have irritated him. I prefer to think of another occasion,

when he said to my brother about me (when I was trying to be a sort of friar), "Shall I tell you why your brother can never really be poor? Because he washes!"

He hated all cant and self-advertisement. On the eve of the new century some enterprising editor tried to collect prophecies from various great men. Pompous divines replied in this style: "I see a vision of a united Christendom. I see the great democracies of Europe advancing hand in hand with the Church towards the millennium"—and "tosh" of that sort *ad libitum*. Temple replied curtly, "I haven't the remotest idea."

He liked being "stood up to." Charles Marson was good at this. When he was summoned before the Bishop to show cause why a somewhat liberal sermon of his should not be condemned, he reminded him of a certain Bishop's "salad days" (alluding to "Essays and Reviews"). The Bishop laughed and said, "But they tell me, Mr. Marson, that your congregation never know what you are going to say next." "My sermons would not be of much use, my lord, if they did."

Though he was not in sympathy with ritualism, he was always scrupulously fair in his treatment of Catholics, and he knew what the real points at issue were. He had a most intense belief in the sacraments himself. "Do

you know," he said to me once, "what the real difference between the clergy is? One set believes in the sacraments and the other doesn't." He believed in the sacraments as certain sure pledges of grace. When asked to preach to very Low Church people, he would take as his subject "The Sacraments." His brave words at the opening of Truro Cathedral about the Church existing before the New Testament had great influence, coming from him. His celebrated Charge in which he went as far as he possibly could in favour of a Catholic interpretation of the Prayer Book, and his joint letter to the Pope (of which we do not make enough), his defence of the English Church Union in the House of Lords when they appealed to the Bennett case as justifying their teaching on the Real Presence, are all evidence of his wish to do the best he could for those whom his conscience would not allow him to support to the full. "So long as you could say you were honestly carrying out the Prayer Book, your position was unassailable," he was fond of saying. This was the dear father-in-God who laid his hands upon me, and with evident pleasure told me that I was his Gospel-deacon.

My first and only "curacy" was for four months, under the most saintly man I ever knew, Henry Bodley Bromby, when he was

Vicar of St. John's, Bethnal Green. Afterward he became Vicar of All Saints, Clifton. From the day when I arrived at St. John's in my deacon's dress, to the day when, in the quiet Convent of the Incarnation at Saltley, some twenty-five years later I gave him the last sacrament, Henry Bromby was my firm friend to whom I could look in any difficulty, and never look in vain. As with Edward King, so with Henry Bromby, his holiness shone out in his countenance. One cannot but regret that more spiritual use was not made of this man in the Church at large by placing him in some spot where his special gifts would have had more free play.

I had not been long at St. John's when one day I received an invitation from Winfrid Burrows, then a student of Christ Church (now Bishop of Truro), to follow my brother as the Head of the House Mission in Poplar. It was a solemn thing to be put in charge of seven thousand souls during one's diaconate, but it would be untrue to say that I felt very much afraid. Of course, by all the rules of pastoral theology I ought to have made a terrible mess of it, and perhaps I did. But it was a kind of strawberry mess, delightful, refreshing, and certainly cool for me, however hot my parishioners may have felt.

How I definitely threw in my lot with the

Socialists at Poplar is told in another chapter. Here I will only tell of the strictly Church work. The founder of the Christ Church Mission was Henry Luke Paget, now Bishop of Stepney. The people still call the Mission "Paget's."

Luke Paget is a most delightful combination of the cultured and the humorous, the busy and the devout. At St. Pancras he did great things. How different was this great Greek temple from the old room at Poplar! Yet it was the same faith which he had to teach, the same worship which he had to lead. And now that he is a Bishop it is the same genial, hard-working, happy Christian who rushes about East London who once delighted the boys and girls of East India Dock Road.

To him is attributed the modern translation of the great Catholic formula of St. Vincent de Lerins, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* into "Always wanted, everywhere to be found, and if possible by an omnibus." This is the fate of an Anglican Bishop, a suffragan at least. A suffragan is, as we know, a "suffering Bishop." This is not Luke's own nor mine. Whose is it?

"Paget's" (when I went there) was a dear little mission-room. My chief work there was to collect the money to build St. Frideswide's Church. Architecturally it is, I suppose, a

terrible place. Mr. G. F. Bodley said it ought to be pulled down. But there is a homeliness and a beauty there which I would never exchange (nor would any of the priests-in-charge) for a cathedral. For thirty-five years that Mission has gone on (it has now been moved to Paddington), and still in the lists of Sunday School and communicants you will see the old names of the same families who from generation to generation have worshipped at "Paget's." I shall ever love St. Frideswide's, and I have left instructions for my ashes to be buried in the mission-ground in East London cemetery.

It was a proud day for me when H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany laid the foundation stone of the new church, and a happy one when Bishop Temple preached at the opening. I have always had luck, and without any exaggeration, I can say that the success of my five years' ministry there was due chiefly to the assistant clergy, H. D. Astley, A. S. Hewlett (now a missionary to lepers in Japan), A. H. Hitchcock (still a humble "curate"), the Clewer Sisters, Miss Phillimore, and many others. But I am a restless individual. I was always wanting to be "a sort of friar." I advertised secretly in the *Church Times* once for a like-minded person to come and live with me. The only answer I got was from the

great Dr. Frere, then an East End priest and afterwards Superior of the Community of the Resurrection. We had a good laugh over it when we met. Nothing came of it until Canon Mason wrote and asked me to join his college at Allhallows, Barking.

Dr. Arthur Mason is one of the most picturesque figures in the English Church. He was the bosom friend of Archbishop Benson, and did some of his best work as an evangelist in the diocese of Truro under him. He wanted to be a preaching friar, but the authorities of the Church dissuaded him and perhaps they were right. In the eighties there was a general desire in the Church to try new methods of reaching the masses, and it was quite as it should be that Arthur Mason should be one of the pioneers. He was appointed to the living of Allhallows, Barking, and soon gathered round him a college of missioners. As showing the vague ideas people at that time had of what we were doing in East London, I remember some one describing Allhallows and Toynbee Hall in this way: "Mason is going to have a street full of duchesses minding the babies, and Balliol will look after the drains." The duchesses did not come, but Mason's men did some splendid mission work both in East and West London.

All kinds of good solid books have come

out from Allhallows. Dr. Mason's "Faith of the Gospel" still remains one of the best statements of Anglican theology, and Dr. A. W. Robinson, who succeeded him, has produced some first-rate work. Another resident was William Edward Collins, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar, a gentle saint whom all who knew him loved. It was hardly the place for such an ignorant parson as myself, and though I was very happy, living in the best room I have ever had since my ordination, looking out on one of the fairest views in London, I knew that I should not stay there long. . . .

There I learnt to be a missionary, and in a year's time I felt that I must change again. Henry Chappel and Ernest Hardy allowed me to join with them in beginning the Society of the Divine Compassion at St. Philip's, Plaistow. This brings me to the matter of Brotherhoods in the Church of England which my short connection with the S.D.C. gave me an opportunity of trying to understand from the inside. The principal Brotherhood (I think the only important one at that time) was the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley. This has been the type for a thoroughly Anglican community and has not only re-established the "Religious Life" for men in England, but has also done a particular work in home and foreign missions which

could not have been so well done by any others. Some remarkable men have belonged to S.S.J.E. First and foremost there is the founder, Father Benson. I am sorry to see that his biography is not going to be written; I cannot help thinking that we do want to hear over again the old stories, and learn new ones about him just because his was such a strongly marked personality. He laid a very solid foundation at Cowley, which is the reason why he succeeded where others failed. "You have got your extinguisher before you have your candle," he said to a good man who built a beautiful monastery by way of starting a Brotherhood. He was, of course, very old-fashioned, and it was quite impossible to "draw" him. I remember when he was asked to deliver a lecture in London in a course entitled, "Reformers of the Church" he quietly refused, and wrote, "I am one of those who do not believe in a Third Adam."

He used to preach very long sermons, and once after he had finished a fifty minutes' oration he went up to the Holy Table to give the Blessing, when he suddenly remembered that there was a notice he had been asked to give out. He proceeded to do so. "Bless me, if he ain't busted out again!" said the vergier.

Of the great preachers amongst the Cowley

Fathers I suppose Luke Rivington and Basil Maturin were the greatest. They both joined the Roman Church. Maturin went very suddenly, although he had, of course, been thinking of it for years. I think he *knew* in himself that he was doing a work in the English Church which he could never do with the Romans, and the event proved it. He was not popular among Romans. His style of preaching did not suit them. But it was marvellous when he was with us. A great preacher wrote to me about his secession that it was the biggest blow we had received since Newman. This sounds a little exaggerated, but it shows what an impression he made on some. One of the best courses he ever gave was at Poplar Town Hall in my time at the Christ Church Mission. Will Crooks used to preside, and Maturin roared at the men as only he could roar. We used to have discussions after his lecture and questions. One man asked mildly in the old East End style, "Do I understand the lecturer to say that I am to go about telling every one they'll be damned if they are not Christians?" "No, sir," replied Maturin promptly, "because you are not Almighty God." On another occasion at a City church he was giving a splendid address on purity. Dealing with the old and horrid argument that impurity is necessary for a man's health,

Maturin got very excited, and, after a dramatic pause, said, "D——n your health!" The old Rector, Canon Benham, "Peter Lombard" of the *Church Times*, related this to Bishop Temple, who remarked, "Rather strong!"

One day he took me round Westminster Cathedral with Cardinal Vaughan, while it was being built. I said: "Why don't you show people, when you get this finished, what a cathedral might really be? Give them real English services, mission preaching, intelligible gospel Masses, congregational hymns, etc. The Abbey would be nowhere if you did!"

"Come and show us how," said Maturin. "You already look much more Roman than I do!"

I think Mrs. Kensit, my man cook, and an old Roman Catholic lady in Mayfair are the only three people, besides Maturin, who have asked me to go over. I have always declined with thanks.

Philip Waggett, the only other Cowley Father whom one can call exactly "great," I have already written about. Side by side with Cowley in the old Tractarian days there was "Father Ignatius," with his extraordinary attempt to revive the Order of St. Benedict in the Anglican Church. I should call him the most eloquent preacher in the whole

Church. Yet the Church of England never admitted him to the priesthood, and would not recognize him in any way. He was a strange mixture of Calvinism and Catholicism. Undoubtedly he was a very "difficult" person to manage. It is pleasing to know that in his old age Bishop Ingram gave him his blessing. I was very friendly with him at one time, but I fell into great disgrace because of my greater friendship with Dr. Gore. "Ig" got the Higher Criticism on the brain, and chose for attack Gore, Dean Fremantle, Dr. Driver, and many others. He used to make very wild speeches about these men, who, he believed, were upsetting his dear Bible. At Llanthony Abbey he would have a large Bible put up in the chapel, and call upon people to kiss it, "provided they did not believe in Charles Gore." He was not sparing in his epithets. "Do you know that your Dean is an atheist?" he said to an unfortunate policeman whom he met as he arrived at Ripon. "Please, sir, I'm a stranger in the place," replied the constable. But, of course, his attack on Dr. Gore at the Birmingham Congress was the most dramatic of all his efforts. I was walking with Dr. Gore to the Congress Hall and had the satisfaction of making one of Ig's nuns give him a handbill about himself, in which he was described as "Atheist Gore."

The actual scene in the hall was very impressive, whether one looked at Ignatius himself, standing up in his monk's garb and denouncing the heretic, very reverently and quietly in his beautiful voice, or at Gore himself, who while it was going on was silently praying to the Divine Lord he was supposed to have denied.

In connection with this episode there is another curious example of how myths arise. Ignatius was once relating how he was moved to make the protest. He declared that he had a vision of Worcester Cathedral falling to the ground and himself supporting it. Now, two things are noticeable here. First, that he would never have thought of this unless he had read the story of St. Francis and the Pope's dream of the fall of St. John Lateran. Secondly, he would not have connected Gore with Worcester at the time of "Lux Mundi," when there was no idea of his ever being Bishop of Worcester. Did he simply invent this dream? Did he also invent the story of his having raised up a girl to life in East London, which appears in his biography? And what is the real truth about the appearance of Our Lady at Llanthony? I have been told it was a hoax and that the perpetrator had confessed it. I have no doubt the reverend Father absolutely believed in it.

A much more effective revival of Benedictinism in the Church of England was

the Caldey one, though it ended unhappily. Father Aelred Carlyle, now the Roman Catholic Abbot of Caldey, is a very different man from Ignatius. He is level-headed and honest to a degree. He advanced step by step, doing nothing without authority, and when the one authority could not see its way to keep him a Benedictine monk he naturally went to the other authority that could. Probably for the present nothing on a very large scale is possible in the Anglican Church in the way of a male contemplative Order, but there is every prospect of success for Orders of a different kind. The Society of the Sacred Mission, under Father Kelly and his successors, has practically solved the problem of ordination for those who cannot have a regular University education. The Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield has shown what a company of priests regular can be in the Church, and has already produced very learned writers, such as Dr. Figgis, Dr. Frere, and Dr. Gore, great missionaries as Paul Bull, George Waldegrave Hart, and many others ; foreign missionaries also. One cannot help regretting that the brilliant star, Hugh Benson, did not shine in their constellation to the end.

But the Franciscan model, which my love for St. Francis inclines me towards most of

all, has been most effectively followed in the Society of the Divine Compassion, which is now quite firmly established. It was before I actually left the society that I ventured on what to me was a very interesting experiment. I took over Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, and tried my hand for three years at a ministry among "the rich." When I say "took over" I am using the right expression, for these proprietary chapels (now all gone) were, like music-halls, places which one rented and carried on out of the profits from the collections! My chapel had been presided over by some celebrities in its time: the great Sydney Smith, Dr. Brookfield (the father of the actor), "Baptist" Noel, and Canon Teignmouth Shore, who used to have a wonderful children's service, where our present gracious King was taught when a boy, with his brother, the late Duke of Clarence. There was a window in memory of the Duke, and when I was in charge we had a memorial service on his anniversary, which I notified to his royal mother, who sent me a grateful reply. My catechism for the rich children was another feature of our work. It always interests me to note what has happened to the little boys and girls who used to come and listen to Percy Dearmer's most excellent homilies. Some of them now are notorious as Suffragettes, and

many of them appear photographed from time to time in very fashionable newspapers. They have probably forgotten me now.

The Duke of Westminster lent us a house, where I lived until I moved to Teddington. My "curate" at that time was another very distinguished friend, Dr. Percy Dearmer. We always worked very well together. He is one of those men with whom it is impossible to quarrel face to face, though he has incurred much wrath from a large section of the Church for founding what I once called the "British Museum religion." Others, no doubt, suppose that they invented this jibe, but I claim the original copyright. It was when we were at Berkeley Chapel that Dearmer began to turn his thoughts towards finding a way out of the liturgical chaos in which the Church of England was struggling. He tells me that I set him thinking by my continually asking, "Is this in the Prayer Book?" The question he asked himself was, "Is there an English Church ritual?" He is a real student, and always has been one, and, moreover, he has a very clear brain and writes and preaches more lucidly than almost any one I know. He was just the man to rescue liturgiology from the pedantry of the mere man of letters and make it attractive to the whole Church. His first book was the "Parson's Handbook," the very

best defence and explanation of the tenets of the Anglo-Catholic school to be found anywhere. It is a book which, if it had been published forty years sooner, would have created a revolution by the side of which the publication of "Tract 90" would have been mild. As it was it did create a peaceful revolution in the minds of hundreds of the clergy. It made many of us really proud of our English Church and less inclined than before to apologize for her as if she were a poor relation of Rome. It has no doubt irritated a certain section of the clergy who are called "Spikes," but some day it will be realized how it has raised the whole level of Churchmanship in the Anglican Communion. It has made it clear to many that we are not a Protestant sect (as Dean Henson seems to wish us to be), to others that we are not a mere imitation of Rome, but that we positively claim to be truly Catholic and can stand on our own feet. It has done much to rescue the Tractarian movement from making the Establishment nothing but a dull, flat, moderate "High Church" affair, without any enthusiasm on the one hand or learning on the other. It boldly challenged the old "ritual judgments" on the plea that fresh light had now dawned on all students of liturgiology. "The English Hymnal," which appeared many years after the "Parson's

Handbook," and in which the hand of Dr. Dearmer is again visible, continued the same good work.

Why, then, did it cause such wrath among the "Spikes"? And what is a "Spike"? The origin of the term is, I believe, this. There were certain members of a theological college who took their theology like milk from a distinguished scholar at Cambridge, whose way of putting things was called by an Oxford rival "spikey." What the Oxford Doctor meant is not quite clear. Either he meant that the Cambridge man had an irritating way of giving a cocksure answer to every problem and pinned you down with a spike for this and a spike for that, or he meant that, like a hedgehog or a porcupine, he bristled all over with sharp points. Anyhow, these young disciples acquired the nickname, and it has stuck to all their breed. Practically it has now come to describe an out-and-out "Romanizer," who frankly ignores all authority in the Church of England and takes his orders from the Pope (at least, those orders which he wants to obey). It has produced a curious kind of priest who will be very much alarmed if he does not say Mass in a Roman way as regards trifling details, but has apparently no qualms of conscience when he reflects that the Holy Father does not recognize that he is

saying a Mass at all. It is not surprising that the "Spike" is irritated by Percy Dearmer telling him that there is an English way of saying a Catholic Mass, and that on a certain occasion in his life he solemnly agreed to observe it.

No doubt if Dearmer had continued with me I should have been converted to his way of doing things, but he went to another parish, and I was left alone. It was the period of the agitation led by Mr. Kensit and Lady Wimborne, and one was driven to emphasize the ritualistic side of religion in sheer defence of oneself. The services at Berkeley Chapel were very popular, and I do not think I remember any more fruitful years of my life than those I spent there. It was quite a new sensation for me to have grand ladies and gentlemen at my Bible-classes and sermons. It was a motley crowd, and it rather liked being treated like a congregation of East Enders. I knew no other way. Perhaps if I could have curbed my ritualism at that time I should have built up a congregation. As it was they rather came and went, some being angry because they could not get the "regular service" (viz. Matins) at 11 a.m. Of course to my idea the only "regular service" according to the Bible is the "Breaking of Bread," but the aristocracy like being "safely brought to

the beginning of the day " at about 11.45 to the tune of Anglican chants.

I was in the hands of Henry Briggs, the great Plainsong expert, and I suffered in consequence. He was a wonderful man, who taught me to love Plainsong by showing me the way in which it might be rendered. Those who have heard the Cowley choir sing will know what I mean. Briggs used to maintain that Plainsong makes you think of the words. When "The Lord is my Shepherd" is sung to a chant, for one who says, "What a beautiful psalm!" you have fifty people who say, "What a jolly chant!"

It will take a long time for Anglicans to forget the "Gregorians" of their youth, and melodies like that of "Tipperary" will always please them better than "Lætabundus," or "Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris," even in church. I think it is partly my sense of humour which makes me shy of Anglican chants, "comfortable, but quite irreligious," as Hugh Benson called them. In the midst of the "Benedictus" I try to imagine Zachariah giving it in the original to a tune which suggests to me the silky music of the ladies of the harem in "Summorum." This makes me smile. And the faces of the patient butlers and ladies'-maids in a "Moderate" West End church, as I have seen them suffering, makes me smile too.

I had some spare time on Sunday afternoons in Mayfair, and that enabled me to preach in Hyde Park. I thoroughly enjoyed baiting the Secularists there. I discovered that it was a great mistake to try to reply to their arguments in the five minutes they allow you : it is much better to have a platform of your own. Best of all, you must learn to keep your temper and maintain a very thick skin against blasphemy.

You must not mind being scored off occasionally. One of the favourite arguments against the clergy is that we are paid to say what we do. I once tried to get the crowd on my side by asking my secularist opponent this : " Do you mean that if I am paid fifty pounds by the State to say that twice two make four it must be a lie, whereas if I say it *gratis* it is true?" He promptly replied : " No ; but I say that if you were paid to say that twice two made five you would be quite ready to say it." I think he had me there. I may remark that this was long before the day when philosophers had begun to teach us that twice two does not necessarily make four at all. It is good to have a chairman on these occasions. We had a dear old chairman at the Oxford House lectures in Victoria Park. He was a bit of a snob, and amused me very much one day by announcing me thus : " The week before

last we had a colonel ; last week we had a reverend gentleman ; to-day we have a *honourable* " (*h* not mute).

Archbishop Temple was a tough nut for these secularist people to crack. The speakers at East End discussions are mostly the same men Sunday after Sunday, and make the same speeches again and again whatever the subject of the lecture may be. One man was called "Pythagoras," because he always quoted some supposed work of his which seemed to make him a teacher of Christianity before Christ. He fired off his little speech when Temple had been lecturing to us. The Archbishop stared at him with his marvellous grin, and said, "I have read all that Pythagoras is *reputed* to have written, and I don't seem to remember the passage!"

Of course this "Christianity before Christ" is really an argument on our side, for the main tenet of our religion is that He whom we worship is the Eternal Word, "the light that lighteth every man."

The most dangerous foes to Christianity in Hyde Park are not the Secularists, but the Christians themselves who lack humour. There were some very silly old gentlemen there who made a poor defence of our holy religion. The Secularists had a way of quoting writers like Dr. Driver and Dr. Sanday on their side,

I used to write to these great men, and read out their replies the following Sunday to the crowd, who were much impressed. No doubt my Socialism stood me in good stead, for the crowd in the nineties were tired of Bradlaugh, and preferred the *Clarion* (before it too began attacking Christianity). Sometimes the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham and other distinguished persons used to come and listen to my debates. Mr. Wyndham used also to attend Berkeley Chapel, and I know he found comfort there during the dark days of the Boer War, when he was bearing the burden of the War Office.

Now I must say a word about Dr. Creighton, my dear Bishop who helped me so much in those days. I was one of the "asses" who, as he said, he would always allow "to come and bray in his study," though I was not the particular one whom he once called "the cock-ass of his diocese." He was extremely kind to me. We only once quarrelled, and that was over an "Interview" which appeared in my magazine, *Goodwill*. It was a "scoop" which did not pay me at all well, for every newspaper copied it before I was aware that I had got hold of anything very remarkable. All I got was the kicks and a very severe sentence. "I don't know whether it is monasticism, Adderley, or socialism that makes a man forget

he is a gentleman!" That was pretty bad, wasn't it?

I fled from London House at the time, but afterwards I got a letter which made up for it all, in which the Bishop frankly forgave me, and incidentally threw a new light on his own character. The letter is in his Life, but I reproduce some of it here:—

I can conceive an enemy, who wished to work mischief, publishing what appeared in *Goodwill*: but I am still unable to conceive how any one could publish it with good intent. I am afraid I know so little of modern journalism and am so entirely out of sympathy with it, that I cannot understand its methods or suppose that any man with a serious purpose can use them. This is due to my ignorance of the world. I am really a very simple person. I like to trust people and take them as they seem to be. The idea that I was dealing with a journalist who wanted clever copy and didn't care how he got it was miles from my thoughts. I say this to explain to you why I spoke to you in what you doubtless considered a harsh manner. I had no personal feeling, I trust. But you have come out of the world: you are trying to heighten its standard; you are working for a nobler future. Beware, I affectionately implore you, of the ways of the world. We are always fighting God's battles with the weapons of the flesh, and they break in our hands. St. Francis did not regenerate the world by smart journalism. We all trust to our own cleverness. We all deal with modern problems. It is for you especially to rise above this, to deal with eternal problems, and show, not how old forms can accord with modern ideas, but how spiritual power can create a purer atmosphere, in which there is neither old nor new, but all things become beautiful and clear.

This is what I wanted to imply. I am nothing, and the

matter is forgotten. But you have a future : will you rise to it? The world will be moved by seeing a spirit not like its own, and this spirit must never work in the world's way.

Yours with real concern,

M. LONDON.

In politics Creighton was never a party man. He disliked Disraeli's foreign policy, but Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule threw him on to the side of the Unionists. He took a very sober view of social questions, successfully assisting in the settlement of the great shoe strike at Leicester in 1895, but greatly distrusting the extreme Socialists, especially because they seemed to him not to have faced the difficulties in regard to marriage and such-like problems which a collectivist system would involve. Creighton was a great educationist and had a contempt for "undenominationalism," which, however, he saw was not merely a question of the religious education of children, but a temper or state of mind which coloured the whole of British religion. He appeared to some people to be cynical and sarcastic, and even a sort of Gallio who "cared for none of these things." But those who knew him knew how much of this was on the surface, and that he really felt very deeply on all matters. In fact, it was because he felt deeply himself, and also because he knew so much more than others who talked more, that he

could not make hasty judgments, but preferred often to dismiss the matter with a joke while he inwardly resolved to think it out, and pronounce upon it later (or perhaps never). Such was the man who at a most difficult time was put at the head of the great Diocese of London. It was the time of what was called "The Crisis," in 1898. Mr. Stewart Headlam used to say that "The Crisis" was begun by Mr. Dell, a Roman Catholic Modernist, who wrote some articles in the *Daily Chronicle* on "Mass or Communion": it was continued by Mr. Kensit, who smashed crucifixes, by Sir William Harcourt, who wrote ponderous letters to *The Times*, and by Lady Wimborne, who made the hair of the old gentlemen at the Carlton Club stand on end by her stories of donkeys in church.

Creighton is said to have made a mistake by asking Mr. Kensit to tea at Fulham. Yet this is exactly what Creighton would do. He would always hear all sides. He was really struck by the fact that Mr. Kensit could get up an agitation about these things. To him it meant that Church affairs were matters of real concern to people. He once told an Italian gentleman the story of Kensit's interfering with the selection of a Bishop. "Nobody in our country cares who the Bishops are," said the Italian.

“ Don't talk of the Ornaments Rubric,” said Creighton. “ The point is, what am I to say to the Members of Parliament who come and ask me if the clergy mean to obey the law ? ” This does not mean that Creighton was really alarmed about so-called illegalities, or that he respected the Members of Parliament very much. To use a vulgar expression, he did not scruple to “ pull their legs ” in the House of Lords, when the noble peers professed themselves alarmed by some manuals of devotion they had lately been studying. Archbishop Temple, too, in the House of Lords was sometimes rather alarming to the Protestant nobility out of his stern sense of justice. He always maintained that the Bennett judgment gave the clergy a very free hand to teach the real objective presence in the Blessed Sacrament. “ I did not refer to that judgment,” said a Low Church Earl in one of the debates. “ I know you didn't,” said Temple, “ because if you had, it would have destroyed the whole of your argument ! ”

To return to Creighton : “ What the dickens does it matter what another Bishop says ? I am your Bishop. I haven't charged anybody and do not mean to. They will all come round soon. What London does the others will do.” The truth is that Creighton did not take “ The Crisis ” very seriously, and after-events have

proved that he was right. He could make little jokes about "incense," and "curing souls with smoke," just because he could not feel that it mattered very much if you "censed persons and things," or used the thurible only for fumigatory purposes. The problem for him lay too deep for it to be solved either by a temporary compromise or by Sir William Harcourt's police methods. Creighton looked ahead, and hoped that when the smoke and noise of battle had died away English Churchmen would get together and look at the matter calmly. The Anglican Church to him was the Church of the "new learning." It held a peculiar place. It was not a Protestant sect; it never had been. It was the Church of Colet, Wareham, Wolsey, Sir Thomas More. And it had never lost this character. In view of the modern renaissance, could it not once more come out before the face of all Christendom as the learned Church? But to do this both parties must learn wisdom. The extreme Protestants must leave off treating the Church as if it were a mere product of the Reformation; the extreme ritualists, on the other hand, must believe in the true catholicity of the Anglican "branch," and must not hanker after Rome or want to surrender the position taken up at the Reformation. Perhaps Creighton was not very hopeful of securing his object.

He knew the English and their love for compromise and "muddling through." "The English people," he said, "were never fond of theology. They learnt a little in the sixteenth century, enough to get rid of the Pope, but they have not troubled about it since." Nor did he like British phariseeism. He often indulged in little aphorisms containing a wealth of thought. Speaking of the Orthodox Church of the East, he once said something like this: "The only difference between a Russian peasant and an English one is that the first swears and gets drunk and goes to Mass; the other swears and gets drunk and doesn't go to Mass." "The Russians are accused of persecuting the Jews, but when you hear of Jews being expelled from a town, it only means that if they were not turned out, the Governor knows that by nightfall there would not be a single Jew with his throat uncut."

His definition of the "world" as "human society organizing itself apart from God" still remains, to my mind, the best ever given, and it has often been to me a perfect godsend when preparing a sermon. He helped me much in conversations about St. Francis. "Francis and Napoleon," he said, "had a greater effect on European history than any other men." "No revolution has ever been so great as that made by the simple life of Francis."

Creighton's view of things was always arrived at by the historical method. He said (and it is engraven on his memorial at St. Paul's) that he always tried to write true history. So with every question he wanted to get at the truth without prejudice. A letter to me on the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament (published in his *Life*) illustrates this. What exactly does reservation mean? This is how he answers the question: Communion is "a moment of spiritual uplifting." Reservation is an attempt by outward appeal to extend this over a longer time. Rome makes it "permanent and renewable at pleasure." This cannot be done by "individual feeling or option." Therefore, while he deprecated the thing being done without authority, he would allow it under special circumstances—for example, in a Religious House. This, of course, refers to perpetual reservation for worship, and not to the Communion of the Sick, which he never called "reservation." So with the doctrine of the Real Presence, he was never frightened by verbal bogies. He accepted the very strong language of the Greek Liturgy, such as "changing them by the Holy Spirit," or "further, I believe that this is Thy Very Body and Thy Very Blood," as being quite in accordance with the spirit and intention of the English Prayer Book.

It was distinctly brave of him to write in this way in the midst of "The Crisis," and it illustrates the calmness and assurance which his historical knowledge gave him. Yet it must not be assumed that it was mere knowledge that actuated him. He was most sincerely devout, and increasingly so during his London episcopate. He became a stronger Christian through those four years of trial. He probably felt more deeply than he would allow people to know. He certainly had much more spirituality than many suspected. His "Lessons from the Cross," Holy Week addresses at St. Paul's, give a deep insight into this, and there is something intensely pathetic about them when one remembers that a few months afterwards he was on his death-bed. In one of these addresses he remarks that it is unhappily well known that religious people are very often impatient in sickness, but his own doctor, Robson Roose, told me that he never remembered such patience as Creighton's under intense suffering. As to his rather stinging little sarcasms, the wonder is, not that there were so many, but that there were so few of them. It requires great self-control for a very clever man to restrain himself when he is among ordinary mortals off whom he can score if he chooses.

Such was the Bishop who guided the Church

during those difficult years. We do not say that he was a complete success, but he was very far from a failure. What he did had to be done. We may perhaps also say that what his successor did, though very different, had also to be done. Each was exactly the man for the time and place. Would it be true to say: "Creighton dealt with the plaintiffs and Ingram with the defendants"? "Creighton succeeded with the public in the clubs and in the streets, and Ingram succeeded in private with the clergy in their churches"? It is difficult to say, but that they both somehow came off successfully can hardly be denied.

This is not nearly enough about Creighton and all I owe to him, but I must now say what I have to say about his successor.

"There is only one man for the Oxford House." So said the late Canon Bromby one morning at breakfast, in the year 1888, and thereby "made" the Bishop of London. Comparatively unknown, Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram "arrived" in more senses than one when he took up his abode in the little blue-walled room at the old Oxford House in Bethnal Green, a miserable shanty which had been put together out of the old National Schoolrooms in St. Andrew's parish. He found the University Settlement a small institution, carrying on a little supplementary

work in the midst of some poor East End parishes, not thought much of by Oxford or London; he left it almost the most important factor in the ecclesiastical life of East London, and certainly one of the greatest powers for good in the 'Varsity. But if Ingram made Oxford House, it is equally true to say that Oxford House made him. It introduced him to all the different circles in which since that time he has so brilliantly shone. It is still Bethnal Green which comes to one's mind when his name is mentioned; it is still from that quarter that he himself derives his enthusiasm and even his anecdotes.

It was as Head of Oxford House that he made himself acquainted with the character of the working-man and his difficulties, with the everyday life of the district, with the spiritual needs of East London and of the West End alike, with the potentialities of the undergraduate as a social worker. But it is his own personality which has brought him so rapidly into prominence. Not that he has ever been a self-advertiser. On the contrary, he has never had to push himself anywhere. He has never made a great public speech which has made him famous in a day. Yet he has become famous. It is simply that his personality has had innumerable influences upon every single person that he has met, and these persons have

met each other and talked about him and have mentally compared notes and wanted to meet him again. These influences have accumulated and have met from every quarter, until there has been formed a public opinion which has clamoured for his promotion and bent itself into his worship. There are thousands of people of all classes who recognize in the Bishop the man they love and trust. So Lord Salisbury tried a hitherto undreamed-of experiment and trusted to "sheer goodness," as it was called, when he made him Bishop of London. No doubt it was bold to put him, immediately after Creighton, into the greatest see in the world (save Rome). But never was experiment more justified by results. It was not merely that London wanted that kind of man to humour the clergy, just then recovering from the fever of "The Crisis." Of course, he did that extremely well. But if it had been only that, he would by this time, when all the circumstances have entirely changed, be painfully *de trop*. There seems to be no sign that such is the case. In an extraordinary way he has grown in intellectual capacity and in knowledge of men and affairs during his tenure of the London episcopate. His friends have noticed the change in his face. There is still the delightful smile and joyfulness, but there is a seriousness and a dignity that were not

there in the old days. I have been told that he has not a keen sense of humour, but I think what is meant is rather that he has not a large fund of original wit. He is beautifully child-like and single-minded. I am not sure that the old "sheer goodness" does not still describe him best. He is artless to an almost alarming degree. "Behold an Anglican indeed in whom is no guile." He is not in any sense a revolutionary, and yet it is extraordinary what a change he has brought about in the Church of England. He is not a prophet, and yet he is by no means a conventional priest. He does not lay himself out to lead a party; he rather brings parties together without being a mere compromiser or comprehensionalist. Perhaps it would be truest to say that he brings the mass of the Church on step by step, appealing to their common sense. Every Bishop, just because of his position, is able to say things and commend unpopular views to people in a way that would never be tolerated from smaller fry. But with Ingram it is more than this. It is because it is Ingram, not because it is a Bishop, who says it, that people listen; and yet, here again, not because he has the intellectual weight of Dr. Gore, or the statesman-like capacity of the Primate, or the somewhat ponderous venerableness of the Archbishop of York, but only because he is such a "splendid

fellow." This makes him a great power with the general mass of ordinary Church people, but prevents him from leading a section in any very out-of-the-way path.

Has he no faults? People say he has. He is supposed to be too optimistic. "The Bishop of London's optimism makes me positively pessimistic," says one. No doubt there is an optimism which irritates some people, but the fault is with them. Christian faith which removes mountains must be optimistic, and though it seems exaggerated to ordinary folk, it is only because we ourselves are so faithless. Others say that this optimism is due to ignorance of the real situation. The Bishop is said to attach too much importance to the crowded meetings which he addresses and to think that all is as it should be in this best of all possible Churches. I confess I am a little surprised that he should be led away by the sight of crowds, if it is so. Having been a parish priest himself, he ought to know how very little a crowd means.

Again, he is said to be unaware of the innate religiousness of many Londoners who do not go to church, being unsatisfied with modern Anglicanism yet quite unwilling to join Rome. When the Bishop has an appointment to make, he is somewhat inclined to ignore these people and to send too many clergy of one type especially to West London.

When I have written this I have said all that I dare to say about one whom the whole Church profoundly respects and to whom I myself owe more than I can ever repay in the way of inspiration. Let me leave him to the reader to imagine as the "Sunny Jim" of the Church, shedding brightness and joy wherever he goes, and absolutely refusing to be dismayed or worried by Modernists, Kensitites, Papists, or the gutter Press, backing up his clergy when they are unjustly attacked, showing every one a most splendid example of energy, faith, hope, and charity, keeping his body in grand condition by sport and exercise and his soul by never-failing devotion. There is the secret. There is no end to the situations in which we might try to describe the Bishop. One might picture him on the golf-links or the banks of the Isis, on the platform of a missionary meeting or a purity meeting, at a mothers' social in East London or a drawing-room one in the West, playing with the children, larking at some Boys' Home, visiting a sick girl in a slum, or perhaps in a Cabinet Minister's house, dealing privately with some difficult case of conscience in his study or chapel, entertaining a motley group of parsons, 'Varsity "blues," actors, monks, Socialists, M.P.'s, philanthropists, fashionable ladies, or schoolboys, at luncheon at Fulham. There he

stands, or rather on he goes, shedding light and hope wherever he is seen and heard. Without the power of the great theologians or the political ecclesiastics, or the statisticians, he has done more than they all to restore confidence in the Church of England as a workable concern, able to take its place in the forefront of Christendom as catholic and missionary, alive and progressive. He has done and is still doing this, because he is human and happy, a lover of men and of our Lord Jesus Christ. This humanity of his wins men. Let us thank God for Ingram. We have almost got rid now of the "Schoolmaster Bishop," and the "Greek play prelate," the pompous plutocrat, and the sour-faced puritan. Ingram has shown us what the new Bishop can do and be. We shall never, please God, revert to the old type.

I had many famous preachers in my pulpit at Berkeley Chapel. The most popular was Robert Dolling, and I always regret that when my time for leaving came I did not hand over the place to him. His great friend, Lord Northcliffe, always came to the chapel when he preached, and I think he would have enabled Dolling to finance the place in a way that my friends could not. Dolling would have lived longer if he had had such a congenial sphere for his labour. He had worked himself

out as a slum parson at Portsmouth, and in his later days it was the Mayfair young man with whom he had the greatest influence. He would also have been near his beloved Father Tyrrell, who was at Farm Street at the time. Who knows but that these two might have kept each other alive? They each had a burning love for souls, Tyrrell for the harassed doubter and Dolling for the tempted and the outcast in all ranks of society. "Authorities" never understood either of these two men. "They would not let him preach the gospel, and now they won't let me," said Tyrrell once, looking at Dolling's portrait.

My first acquaintance with "Brother Bob" was at Maidman Street, where he conducted the Magdalen College Mission, while I was at Oxford House. I shall never forget my introduction to that "open house," where burglars and undergraduates fed and played and slept under one roof. It was Canon Carnegie, then an undergraduate of Magdalen, who "discovered" Dolling.

Dolling was a genius. It is pathetic that he should have had to speak of his mother the Church of England as "having a perfect genius for destroying enthusiasm." Like Father Ignatius, Bob was a difficult person for the Anglican mother to manage. He was somewhat fond of riding for a fall, and I can

never believe that he need have been turned out of St. Agatha's, Landport, if he had wanted to stay. Yet one could not help forgiving him anything, and it is a sad thing that his wonderful work came to an untimely end. You had to live at St. Agatha's, to get inside its atmosphere, before you could sympathize. This the authorities did not care to do, and they lost a treasure to the Church when they allowed him to go. He had the most extraordinary personal influence of any man I have ever met. Men and boys of all classes simply surrendered to him because they could not resist. He had an intense love which conquered all. Of course such a man could not be constrained by rules, and the Prayer Book is a very provoking book to any priest who wants to save souls. You will find this among Low Church and High Church alike. A parson who is filled with the Spirit and longs to get at the souls of poor and rich does find himself handicapped by our antiquated forms.

It is very doubtful if the bigwigs of Convocation, who mostly live in an extra-parochial paradise, are the men to revise the Prayer Book.

Probably a wise and sympathetic Bishop who prays with his "Catholic" and his "Protestant" clergy and allows each considerable latitude is doing more than Convocation

towards a real revision, which may not be complete, or able to be enshrined in a new book, for fifty or a hundred years. We need experiments in worship. As controversy dies down we shall have more leisure to make them. We need not be in a hurry to compose a new book. The only opponent of Dolling at whom I ever felt painfully surprised was Dr. Westcott, who actually inhibited him. Westcott, of course, had great ideas of order and unity, and I suppose it seemed to him that Dolling's vagaries offended against them both. Still, I think the great man might have made inquiries before he condemned him.

And what a great man he was, the Bishop of Durham! If there was an atmosphere about Dolling, so there was about this very different ecclesiastic. I remember feeling much abashed when Westcott, at one of our C.S.U. meetings, at which I had proposed an issue of cheap tracts explaining our principles, gazed at me with his wonderful eyes and said, "Is your proposal that we should save people the trouble of thinking?" I felt ashamed of myself, as others must have done when he said on another occasion, "Twenty years ago, when I first began to study St. John," or as the young art critic did when he remarked to Ruskin, "Directly I went into the gallery at Florence I under-

stood the supremacy of Botticelli," and the great man answered, "Did you? It took me twelve years to discover it!"

Two things are not generally known about Westcott. One is his love of "holy poverty." In a letter to me he writes of "the ghost which all my life I have been unable to lay," the yearning after a poor life. The other is that he never read more than one book by Frederick Denison Maurice, whom many people look upon as his master. Westcott was too original to have any "master" in that sense. But this is another digression, for Westcott never preached at Berkeley Chapel.

Canon Knox Little comes next in my list, another genius in his way. Dr. Joseph Parker called him the greatest of all Anglican preachers. Probably Archbishop Magee and Bishop Boyd Carpenter should be put in front of him if eloquence is the test. But certainly in the days when Knox Little preached at St. Barnabas, Oxford, or at St. Paul's in Lent, or in the first great Manchester Mission, the congregation listened to one of the finest preachers ever heard. He is a wonderful teacher of the simple gospel and the Catholic faith. "If all the English clergy were real priests," he once said (by which he meant priests who exercised to the full their priestly functions), "the

Church of England would be the most wonderful institution in the world." He is one of the few men who can look dispassionately on the Roman Church, and learn from it the secret of the influence which it exercises over all classes in its communion. This influence he knows lies inherent in the gospel of Catholicism, and can therefore be set working among Anglicans also. He first came into prominence when he was appointed to St. Alban's, Manchester. The Dean, with great courage, invited him to preach the Mission in the cathedral. Protestant fury was aroused, and, as is its usual result, multitudes came to hear the man, and hundreds made their first confession. The stories of this great Mission are a romance in themselves. Omnibuses full of people singing hymns on their way to church; hotels emptied during the luncheon hour because the lunchers were hungering and thirsting after something better which they had gone to the cathedral to partake of; Protestant enemies converted into the staunchest of Catholic friends; hard-headed business men flocking to the Sacrament of Penance—these are only some of the incidents of that great revival.

In 1881 he was made Canon of Worcester by Mr. Gladstone, who had frequently heard him preach when he was at St. Thomas's,

Regent Street. "Why should one ritualist have a stall and another a cell?" was said by his enemies, alluding to the fact that Rev. S. F. Green, another Manchester parson, had just been put in jail. But why was any one put in prison? That was the question. The answer was that the new Canon was quite ready to go there too if what was done to Mr. Green was done to him. But they knew better than to try it on. "Prosecute Knox Little!" said Bishop Fraser. "Do you want to have all Lancashire on your back?"

The anecdote of the little shoeblack who heard the Canon at St. Paul's and afterwards sent for him on his deathbed, though he had never spoken to him, is well known, and has been published in a story-book.

I love to think of him as a director of souls rather than as a preacher. Like Dolling, he is full of love, and the name is legion of those whom he has brought to Christ and kept close to the Lord. As is the case with many eloquent preachers, he is better heard than read. And with Knox Little it was not only his picturesque eloquence which attracted us, but his picturesque appearance. When we listened to him at St. Barnabas we were impressed by the thought of his having come straight from the slums of Manchester, with its starving match-girls and street arabs and

its blatant atheists and its sordid streets. Slums, of course, were more romantic in those days. Nobody in Oxford had ever seen any. With poor people I think Knox converted them by his eloquence (which they always admire), and by his human sympathy, which always made itself felt amid the torrent of words. But at Poplar, where he often preached for me, they really could not have understood him when he said, as he did once, "You who have read your George Eliot and your Balzac!" Yet they loved him, and would listen for an hour and a half per week, crowded like sardines into our little church. He has done a lot for the "Catholic" cause, not being afraid to stand up to Protestant Bishops or to wither them with his Irish wit. A Bishop once came to his church for a wedding, and expressed the hope that there would be no incense. "No, my lord," said Knox, "I cense corpses, but not brides!"

To another Bishop, who tried to smooth over differences of opinion and declared that, after all, they probably agreed, he replied: "No, my lord, it is impossible; you see, you look upon yourself as an ecclesiastical convenience; I look upon you as a Divine necessity."

This reminds me of Liddon's remark, that

it was easy to think of Anglican Bishops as of the *esse* of the Church: the difficulty was to believe they were of the *bene esse*: and of the priest who remarked to another Bishop concerning Our Lady: "You see, my lord, to me she is the Mother of God, but to your lordship, apparently, only a deceased Roman Catholic."

Knox Little would never desert my friendship, though I have tried him sorely with my socialism and my liberalism. Though once a Radical in politics in Gladstonian days, he became very Conservative, especially on religious matters. He is too good a scholar, of course, to become rabid like Father Ignatius, but he will have no mercy on those who, he thinks, are undermining the Catholic faith. He belongs to the *ancien régime*, and we must look to the younger men to reconcile the new learning and the Church religion. It is well to avoid discussing higher criticism or "modernism" with any "Catholic" over fifty years of age—that is, if you want to preserve Christian love. But that this reconciliation is necessary I have not the slightest doubt, and it was to try and do something towards helping it on that I set myself when I went from Berkeley Chapel to St. Mark's, Marylebone Road. I think it was my Hyde Park experiences and my reading of some of Tyrrell's

books that directed me away from "ritualism" to what, for the want of a better term, I call "modernism." I have always had a sceptical mind, and from the days of Oxford House, when I used to read Archdeacon Wilson's splendid apologetics for working-men, I had always felt that Tractarian rigidity would never satisfy me. "Lux Mundi," of course, had its influence, as it had, I suppose, on all young men of that period.

My great difficulty has always been concerning authority. If we accept the general Roman view of authority it becomes increasingly difficult to adapt it to Anglican requirements. It seems impossible for the Anglican Church to continue very much longer except as a Free Church, which allows considerable latitude to all schools of thought inside a comprehensive communion. It is surely possible to maintain the Catholic ideal combined with the utmost liberty of thought. And this is what the Anglican Church seems to be guided by the Holy Spirit to achieve. But all her sons must co-operate loyally to produce this. The Liberals must be really liberal and the "Catholics" really catholic. There must be a considerable amount of the "live and let live" policy on both sides. Meanwhile, the laity, who have not the time and opportunity to go very deeply into the questions which

divide the clergy, should be treated very frankly and told what the elemental difficulties are without any obscurantism.

At St. Mark's, Marylebone Road (to which I was appointed by my dear friend and present Bishop, Dr. Russell Wakefield), I was in the delightful position of having a small parish of poor people, surrounded by the rich and intellectual. I started Sunday lectures on critical questions. The only unlucky thing about St. Mark's was that it had a reputation for quarrels about ritual.

A local rag maintained a precarious existence by attacking us week by week, and a cantankerous churchwarden tried to make things difficult. He was the only consistent believer in the priesthood of the laity I ever met among Protestants. He wanted to burn incense by himself like Uzziah, to show that he was as good a priest as the Vicar. Why do not all the Protestant churchwardens turn up to Matins in chasubles one morning? It would be very effective. His description of St. Mark's before the Royal Commission on Disorders in the Church provided us with some excellent reading. I had to draw up a reply, which was also interesting. He declared that only women and children came to the church. I was able to show that, according to the *Daily News* census, we had many more men than

any other church in the neighbourhood. He attacked our preachers. I was able to fire off a list which must have astonished even the Royal Commissioners: Dr. Driver, Dr. Sanday, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Holland, Dr. Inge—why, there was hardly one of my Critical Question lecturers not of world-wide reputation. Father Waggett's "The Scientific Temper in Religion" and the book called "Critical Questions" contain some of the principal lectures delivered at St. Mark's. Some "rather hot" doctrines were occasionally put forth from the pulpit, and I remember how my assistant priest, one of the old school (Rev. G. R. Woodward of Plainsong fame), used to sit in the sedilia fuming over the lectures and muttering the Athanasian Creed as a relief to his feelings. The "gloomy Dean" was neither gloomy nor a dean in those days. He was chiefly "mystical," in which capacity most of us would like to keep him, and sit at his feet: for he is a real prophet, as any one who reads his "The Church and the Age" must know. I cannot resist recording one little incident of Inge when he came to St. Mark's. It is well known that if you expect to find "inhabitants" in your bed, you *feel* their presence even if they are not there. I have the reputation of keeping a slum *régime* like Dolling's wherever I go. It is quite un-

founded. Inge, I suppose, thought he was in for a bad night at my Vicarage, and sure enough in the morning, just before preaching on "the spiritual experience of the Christian's life," he told me timidly, "I think the bed wants looking at!" I am afraid I laughed. But I can assure my readers that if there was one, it was the only one I ever heard of in St. Mark's.

I would not say the same for Plaistow, nor for St. Agatha's, Landport, where I once . . . well, I forbear.

My little "modernist" boom was destined to be of short duration, for after four years I was called (yes, I think that is the right expression) to go to Saltley. I seem to some of my friends a person very fond of change, but I always derive comfort from Canon Scott Holland's reply to some one who said I was a rolling stone who never gathered any moss. "After all, why should a stone gather moss?"

Thus ended my twenty-one years' work in London, and nothing that I have found in Birmingham (and I have found much that I love) can ever make me feel anything but the profoundest regret that my London life is over. There is absolutely no place in the world like London, whether you are a docker or a duke or even an obscure parson. I think this is a good place in which to publish

the only prize ballad I ever wrote in the *W.G.*
Problems page.

BALLAD OF LONDON TOWN.

Sing I of London town,
Country folk, lass and clown,
Giles, Patty, sit ye down,
List to my lay.

I'll tell ye why I love
London all else above,
E'en though in Westbourne Grove
I'm doomed to stay.

Be it the winter time,
Snow on the trees and rime,
Then there's the pantomime
At Drury Lane.

Thither in motor-bus
Ride we with little fuss,
Yes, it just does for us,
Me and my Jane.

Be it a rainy spring,
Country louts shivering,
Birds all too wet to sing,
Mist, fog, and haze ;

We do not mind a bit,
We can just laugh and sit
There in the good old pit
At matinées.

And when in blazing heat
Haymakers toil and sweat,
We take a summer treat
In Richmond Park.

Ice-cream is cheaply bought,
 Easily swimming's taught,
 Boating with joy is fraught :
 Ain't it a lark ?

While under heavy sheaves
 Poor Hodge, he groans and heaves,
 Trudging 'mid fallen leaves
 Dirty and brown ;

I go and gaily watch
 Soccer or Rugby match :
 Country ? It ain't a patch
 On London town.

Give me the sparkling Strand,
 Looking by night so grand,
 Give me a Sousa's band,
 In shine or rain.

Lunch at the A.B.C.
 Steamboats and L.C.C.
 Country folk, envy me,
 Me and my Jane.

You grope in some dark lane,
 Trusting to Charles's wain,
 Gas makes the way quite plain
 In darkest night.

Slow you in wagons creep,
 Drivers always asleep,
 Enough to make one weep.
 Us trams delight.

Then, oh, how much I hate
 Hearing the news so late,
 Drearly to await
 My *Daily Mail*.

Here morning, noon, and night,
Pale green and pink and white
Papers are all in sight—

They never fail.

Friends, come and have your fling,
Catch sight of everything :
You'll see perhaps the King,
Joe and C.B.

G.B.S., G.K.C.,
General Booth, Beerbohm Tree,
And, yes, you're sure to see
My Jane and me.

Come, then, from hill and dale,
Come, leave the grassy vale,
Speed o'er the iron rail
In London train.

If I've said what's not true,
Shame's to me, not to you :
Come for a day and view
Me and my Jane.

KOKNEE.

Saltley is a very large parish in industrial Birmingham. My father inherited the principal part of the property when a young man, and mapped out the streets in such a way that it has never become a slum. Unfortunately for my "modernist" aspirations it had been in the hands of extreme Protestants for fifty years and more. I was consequently obliged to begin teaching people on the baldest Tractarian basis from the commencement of my

ministry. I varied my lessons with the propagation of advanced socialism in the face of Joe and Jingo, the two local deities. The "business men" never liked me. I was the "disagreeable man" of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera. I found that socialism was a far greater bugbear than ritualism, as indeed it has always been since the days of St. Paul and the merchants of Ephesus. However, I am dealing with ecclesiastical matters in this chapter, so I will confine myself to them.

It was now that I came into closer contact with the greatest man of the Anglican Church, Charles Gore, though, of course, he had been very near and dear to me since Oxford days. He taught me practically all the theology I know, though I do not want to saddle him with any of my heresies. Few people outside Oxford know the extraordinary patience and care with which Dr. Gore, when Principal of the Pusey House, dealt with individuals like myself. I was absolutely ignorant until he opened my eyes as I sat and listened to his conversations, sometimes far into the night, in his study at Oxford. I used to write essays for him. My friends think me a heretic to-day, but I can assure them that thirty years ago there was no known heresy, Sabellianism, Patripassianism, Nestorianism, Pelagianism, or any other of which

I was not glaringly guilty. I deserved to be burnt in the garden of Pusey House, but instead of that the Principal taught me the truth. It was a great satisfaction to me in 1900, when I published my "Epistle of St. James," to have a letter from my old teacher telling me that it was "quite excellent." Yet it never could have been so without him. Pusey House was in its infancy when I first went there to be taught. There was much curiosity as to what it was meant for. A sarcastic Liberal looked up at the motto on the walls and pretended to read it, "Backbones painlessly extracted." Dr. King, on the other hand, summed up the work of the three librarians thus: "Brightman will dust the books, Gore will read them, and Stuckey will talk about them." As a matter of fact, Pusey House was to the Oxford of that day what St. Mary's was to the Oxford of the days of Newman. Gore's influence was the greatest in Oxford since J.H.N.'s. He brought the teaching of Liddon on the august subject of the Incarnation up to date. He fitted it into the requirements of the new learning, and to the aspirations of the younger men towards the solution of social problems. The C.S.U. was rapidly taking the place of the E.C.U., and it was Gore who aided the process. It was then that, in the words of Charles Master-

man, "the honey collected by Frederick Denison Maurice passed into the hive of the ritualists."

A new type of High Church parson was being fabricated at Pusey House and sent down to East London to explode like the shells (I won't say gas) in Flanders. Gore was the quiet old chemist thinking out ways of meeting the Huns of unbelief and indifference.

Such a man could not remain at Oxford all his days, for at a University the greatest man is always afflicted with donnishness, and a don cannot be a prophet. It is prophecy we need, and God would not leave Charles Gore in Oxford while his soul was already spreading life throughout the Church. His best days were at Westminster, and though in the nature of things he was condemned to become a Bishop, it would seem to have been better had he remained off the episcopal bench. A Bishop in the Anglican Church has too much routine work to do, and he has so many different kinds of clergy to keep in order that he has less opportunity than almost any other kind of priest to develop the gift of prophecy. But whatever Charles Gore does will always be done thoroughly, and it is not for us small fry to be captious.

My best stories about the Bishop are not

such as I can write in a book for fear of being thought more of an *enfant terrible* than I am.

I think that it is his courage and his justice which I most admire in him. It requires courage in a High Church Bishop to stand by his old friends when he has passed into the circle of those who, at any rate till quite lately, were supposed to view all High Churchmen with suspicion. Gore will never do anything privately which he is not prepared to justify before the whole Church. He will go to a ritualistic church and say openly that there is the sort of service which appeals to him; he will openly call Evening Communion a novelty in which he could not himself indulge; he will let all men know that he has gone to confession regularly since he was a boy. He will not apologize for being a "Catholic." When one compares the utterances of Anglican Bishops with those of their predecessors of mid-Victorian times, one cannot but feel that the influence of Dr. Gore has made our fathers in God less deserving of the nickname *Semper pavidus*.

At the same time, he is so transparently sincere and just, that he never shuts his eyes to the dangers which accompany the success of the High Church party in the Church of England. He is no Romanizer and no obscur-

antist. He sees dangers on all sides and will boldly declare his convictions about them even in the House of Lords, as in his speech on Welsh Disestablishment.

Such was our first Bishop of Birmingham, and it was indeed a privilege to have such a man at one's back during the whole time of my vicariate of Saltley. I am afraid I led him an awful life, writing to him every week and sometimes oftener. But any Anglican parson who tries to do nothing without some sort of authority is obliged to keep in touch with the Bishop. If I were to use Dr. Gore's own expression I should say "to squeeze the Bishop." That was the phrase he used at an E.C.U. meeting once before his episcopate, and the Protestant Press has never ceased to remind him of it. Curiously enough, the author of the phrase is himself the least "squeezable" prelate on the bench. He is a tremendous stickler for law and order, and probably feels the burden of keeping all parties together in a diocese without compromise or favouritism more than any other Bishop. He certainly succeeded in Birmingham. There is no diocese where the "schools of thought" live more happily in each other's company than in Birmingham. Personally, I have always found it more easy to get on with those who are supposed to be

my opponents than with my own "party" (whatever that is).

From the days when I used to meet Dr. Dale, the greatest of all the Non-conformists I have ever known, to the present time, when my difficulty is to find an excuse for neglecting my own parish in order to preach in chapels, I have always been very happy in company with "our separated brethren." Dr. Dale was the most sacramentalist of Dissenters, but a Puritan into the bargain. I remember at the time of the St. Paul's reredos case his saying to me how his chief objection to a crucifix was that it was to him so painful to look upon. He did not feel the force of the "idolatrous" argument. Nor did such great Protestants as Lord Shaftesbury and Dr. Arnold. Dale liked Father Benson's book of intercessory prayer, but thought Mason's "Faith of the Gospel" too stiff for Mission instructions. I think he misunderstood the preface, which was to the effect that Dr. Mason had developed the book from his notes for mission teaching, not that he had actually delivered it in the form of lectures.

Dr. Dale was a great friend of my father's. They used to meet on the Education Commission, and often drove home together in a brougham, together with Cardinal Manning (an

odd trio !). In one of his letters to my father he speaks of the High Church party as being more true to their own formularies than the Low Church. This is what Dr. Parker and Dr. Martineau also seem to have felt. Parker said the Prayer Book was "steeped in Popery," and Martineau said that our Liturgy was "indistinguishable from the Mass."

My greatest friend among Nonconformists is R. J. Campbell. His advent to the City Temple marked, as we all remember, an epoch in London Christianity. "Where Parker slew his thousands, this man slays his tens of thousands," said a ritualistic neighbour. Like all outspoken men who are not afraid to show us our weaknesses, Campbell has been much misunderstood and cruelly maligned. I do not think he can ever go very far wrong, because of his great love for souls and for our Divine Saviour. He is wonderfully free from sectarian prejudice, and is not afraid to learn from Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and others who differ from him. He never feels it necessary to stick to the orthodox Nonconformist line in matters such as Disestablishment or religious education. He has created an atmosphere at the City Temple, where any Christian can find himself quite free to speak and where there will always be sympathy in the audience. I should certainly

feel less liberty at a Church Congress than at one of Campbell's meetings. I was lecturing once at the City Temple on "Miracle Plays," and I ventured to illustrate what I was saying by giving the audience an example of how the Palm Sunday Passion is sung in three voices. I am quite sure I should not have dared to do this at an Islington conference of my own persuasion.

Since I wrote the above Mr. Campbell has come back to the Church in which he was baptized and confirmed. I am not surprised. I remember wondering whether he was on his way back as I looked at his weird, white head in the midst of incense at Stanton's funeral, and what he wrote to me after the service made me sure I was right. His conversion does not surprise his friends. His congregation was never a Nonconformist one. It was cosmopolitan. He has the mind of a mystic, which always yearns for something which the dull surroundings of a chapel cannot freely give. I remember my father, who was by no means "High Church," being much disturbed when he was taken round a Nonconformist place of worship once where the place of the "reredos" was surmounted by an oil-painting of the founder of a commercial undertaking and underneath was

written, "Come unto Me"! The neo-Non-conformist is wistfully looking for Catholic worship. I know two liturgies used in chapels which would have made the Puritans tear their hair. Campbell, too, is alive in his thought. People are surprised that the author of the "New Theology" should have found a home in the Church of England. But the very fact that he wrote the book (which he has since withdrawn) shows that he is thinking and praying hard, and there is no Church so willing to comprehend within its spacious arms those who will freely think and pray as our own. This freedom, if we can maintain it, will do much to bring all Christians together in time. We do not understand one another as yet, but we can begin to do so by mutual intercourse. The following letter from an old-fashioned Quaker to me shows how happily we can converse if we converse in love. I had written to her (after addressing her mothers' meeting) to ask her to tell me why the Society of Friends rejected sacraments, and especially the Holy Communion:—

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—

Although I hardly think you expect me to take up the gauntlet for the Society of Friends which your letter throws down so kindly, yet it is curious that last Sunday night I was speaking on the very subject that you make the centre of your inquiries, i.e. John vi. 53 and onwards, and the spiritual

eating, which I believe to be believing personally in the great Sacrifice. Jesus died for me. God loves me in Jesus. So we eat and drink. I am not averse to the Memorial Supper if used simply as such, to "shew forth," as St. Paul says. But if it is supposed to be more I think the loss is incurred that at any rate you can only so eat and drink once a day at the most, whereas we can hold true and sweet soul-feeding communion at all times, and always when alone. But we will not enter into controversy, dear friend, who have already entered into fellowship. I have outwardly broken bread in the Lord's name with people of all denominations, I think, or almost all, and would with you if I had suitable opportunity, but we who have entered into fellowship with the Lord Himself, so that He has supped with us, our hearts need no outward reminder of an inward fact on our own account, and with regard to others there is always the danger of encouraging the averting of their regard from the thing signified to the thing signifying. I am glad that the Lord blesses you according to your faith, but you will be careful in your position, will you not? not so to preach the outward as to make people forget the real and saving participation which can be by faith alone.

Yours in His name whom we all desire to honour and serve,

It is by a curious irony of fate that I am now Vicar of the parish where Dr. Henson was "inhibited" from preaching in a Non-conformist building. Now that the Dean knows that the Vicar will not interfere to prevent him he does not seem to care to come.

This building is now under another friend of mine, Rev. Sidney Berry, of Carr's Lane Chapel, who is one of the most prominent of the young ministers of the Free Churches.

Among others whom I reckon as my friends I must put Dr. Rendel Harris and Rev. Lloyd Thomas. The latter has dreams of a "Free Catholic Church" which I confess that I should like to see realized.

The present Bishop of Birmingham has done much to bring the clergy and ministers together in his diocese, and many friendly gatherings have taken place. It would not be becoming for me to talk too freely about my present diocesan. Before I sat under him as a Bishop I did the same as a borough councillor under the best mayor that Marylebone ever had. He was the first patron who persuaded me to accept one of his livings, and the first person who had the courage to honour a declared socialist by making him a Canon.

If for no other reason, I thank him for this last gift because it has nearly destroyed the nickname of "Father" by which the Protestant Press has always called me, in spite of its supposed objection to calling anybody by such an unscriptural title. I do not mind being called "Father" by my own flock, because it is a perpetual reminder to me of what I ought to be, and so lamentably fail to be, in practice. At the present moment I like being called "Padre" for the same reason. But when it is intended to imply that I am a sort of lawless Romanizer, eating the bread of the Estab-

lishment and doing the work of the Pope, I very much dislike it. If I did not believe in the Church of England, I should leave it to-morrow, and even then I should not take Orders in any other part of the Church. One thing will certainly never have the slightest influence with me beyond causing me endless amusement, and that is the receipt of anonymous letters.

If I had kept all the anonymous letters I have received, they alone would have filled this book to overflowing. The nastiest ones I ever got were from a Protestant doctor in the north. He wrote to me about once a week. One day he turned up at Berkeley Chapel, and was beside himself with wrath when he found that I was "in retreat." That I should add to my iniquities by spending three days in prayer seemed to him intolerable. I am afraid I used to make him doubly angry by replying to his effusions on postcards. In one of these I wrote, "Thank you so much. We shall not have to take in *Punch* now, which costs three-pence." When I went to Saltley he pursued me with his letters, "So you are still at your hellish work!" But he really over-reached himself at last (I think it was his last) when he wrote to me on my father's death, "So now the hand of God is upon you!" Considering that my father died at the age of

ninety and I was nearly fifty, it seemed to me that Heaven could not have been very angry to have waited so long !

I subjoin a few more samples of anonymous letters, but I am sorry that I have burned some of the most amusing ones.

LETTERS ANONYMOUS AND ABUSIVE.

Does the man who wrote this call himself a R. C. Priest or a Church of England pastor ? He may be a good worker but he is a most dishonest man, to occupy a Protestant pulpit when he ought to be in a R. Catholic one. He is a liar, too, for he knew that he meant to break every promise he made when his R. C. master Bishop — inducted him. There is no doubt he would join the Church of Rome if he did not live in hopes of taking all his congregation over to Rome with him in a few years' time. He has all the deceitfulness of Rome.

Of all the men you speak of you are the greatest fraud, the biggest liar, and the most determined thief. You pretend to be a Protestant but are a R. C. in disguise, and you take collections from congregations for the Protestant cause but advance the cause of Rome with it. Is that honest ? You are robbing your congregation of the glorious birthright bought with the blood of the martyrs. You profess to be good, and get your living by being good. When you join the Church of Rome we shall admire you for at least an honest man.

A HONEST WOMAN.

SIR,—What we want in these days of "sham" in this Christian England of ours is not so much of the outward but just a little more of the inward. This ritual is all so shallow, so empty. It is simply a perversion from the truth. It is hypocrisy pure and simple. It is not genuine. Does it

proceed from the heart? No, it only looks the proper thing. Show me a Christian and I will show you all the insincerity in the world. Sir, your similarity between the Light of the World and the candle is really amusing. The only illumination we want is that of Truth.

Yours sincerely,

THE HALO OF TRUTH.

I notice in *The Times* of to-day an appeal from you for £30 for Christmas treats and prizes. Surely if you know your work and do it you ought not to find any difficulty in finding 1,000 people to give 6d. each, but I suppose it is too much for an “*Hon. and rev.*” parson. I should not wonder if your church has confessional boxes, stations of the Cross, and other ritualistic rubbish. “Adderley” is ominous of it all.

Second Letter.—I felt sure you were a ritualistic humbug. “The Hon. and Rev. J. G. Adderley ‘led a procession.’” I wonder if St. Paul or St. Mark was an *Honourable*.

FROM A WORKING MAN.

The political anonymous writer is almost more funny than the Protestant one. The following writer is quite an old friend, who is always threatening me:—

Shall we forget your action? No. Every difficulty which can be put in your way shall be: and if your action as a politician and parish priest can be paralysed by incessant opposition, relentless but stern, you shall have it. The Establishment is broad, but not so broad as to hold you comfortably.

You will find more congenial company with the Pecksniffs, Uriah Heeps, Chadbands, and Cliffords. Go to them. Don’t stand on the order of your going—but go.

The best thing for the Church would be for you to resign. To flout the decent as I have heard you do, and praise the tag rag and bobtail on Sunday, to my mind is disgusting, and if any one requires the 9th commandment dinning in his ears it is surely yourself. Again I say *resign*, and be a man; by all means let a priest vote as he feels disposed, and let others do the same and not be jawed at, but let the priest attend to his altar.

The great difficulty in dealing with the extreme Protestants is that they entirely lack humour. It must be this, I think, which can make them suppose that they will convert Catholics to their way of thinking by trampling upon all that they hold dear. Can one imagine a father being persuaded to give up his love for a crucifix by having the cross over his boy's grave broken to pieces, or a communicant cease to believe in the presence of his Saviour by ribald mockery of that which his God has taken into His hands and called His body?

I sometimes wonder if the Wycliffe preachers would dare to go down to Whitechapel about Passover time and make fun of the ceremonies of the Jews. Yet one would suppose that they ought to have at least as much respect for those of their fellow-Christians. There is also a lack of humour about their publications. Mr. Walter Walsh (whom I often met) had great faith in himself and little in his fellow-creatures if he thought that his "Secret History of the

Oxford Movement " could be taken seriously. As a matter of fact, the real secret history of the Oxford Movement would make very good reading, but it has not yet been written. Mr. Walsh used to say that I had the makings of a good Protestant, and, though he was very bitter sometimes, he was a kindly old gentleman, and we have prayed together in my sacristy in Mayfair.

I have found that some of these Protestant warriors do not like praying with a ritualist. They think he must be "pulling their legs" and cannot possibly be serious in proposing so spiritual a course of action. One of these gentlemen met me once on the beach at Southend and began denouncing me. But he got much more frantic when I went down on my knees and asked him to join me in prayer. On the other hand, one of my Saltley parishioners once was delighted at my proposal, and promptly began supplicating the Deity to show me that I was an idolater. At the time of the Kensit crisis I tried to get the respectable Evangelical clergy to protest against the methods used by their friends, and I succeeded so far that a very strongly worded manifesto was actually signed. But the lay members of their congregations, who are always the most virulent, would not let it be published.

We, the undersigned Evangelical clergymen, ministering in London, while strongly objecting to the practices which are said to be in vogue at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, and which we believe to be contrary to Scripture and condemned by our Church, desire to enter our earnest protest against the unseemly profanation of the Holy Communion which appears from public report to have taken place in that Church during the past few weeks.

Thanks be to God, these quarrels among Christians are less ferocious than they were. The "Catholics" and the "Modernists" in the Church of England have come to stay, and no amount of persecution, conducted on unfair, unloving lines, will ever turn them out.

In face of the indifference of the masses to all religion and the peril of unbelief, we must have a coalition of all our forces and try to learn from each other.

We need the freedom of the Liberal and the Nonconformist; we need the reverence and the love of other-world worship of the Catholic; we need the love of Christ and His teaching of the Broad Churchman; we need the belief in conversion and unworldliness of the old-fashioned Evangelical. The only thing we can well dispense with is partizanship, the stirring up of bad blood, the cruel insinuations by extremists on either side.

Some day, perhaps, a decent "religious newspaper" will be started which cannot be called

“ High,” “ Low,” or “ Broad ” : a paper that will be human and natural, not merely clerical and ecclesiastical. Our Lord became MAN. He did not become a clergyman or a High Churchman, or a Low Churchman, nor, indeed, an Englishman (as some would almost seem to think). The religion of the Incarnation is not bound by the fetters some people would place upon it. God poured out His Spirit upon all flesh, and those who would speak or act in His name must let themselves be led by the Holy Ghost, whatever any editor or even Bishop may say.

The Church of England (in spite of its insular name) does seem to give the greatest opportunity yet afforded to Christians to develop this atmosphere and attitude of freedom, and it rests with us its members to allow it to live and move and have 'its being.

II

DRAMATIC

Dramatic tastes—Hans Hall theatricals—Oxford—The Philothespians—Jowett and the O.U.D.S.—Arthur Bourchier—Frank Benson—Sir Henry Irving and others—“Windsor Strollers” and “Old Stagers”—Religion and the Drama.

MY theatrical friends, when they want to pay me a compliment, always say: “What the Church gained, the stage lost.” I think this compliment would take another form if they knew what the Church knows! But I suppose it is true that if I had not been ordained I should have gone on the stage. My father dismissed all my ritualism as “dramatic instinct.” I am not sure that he was not right. So far as I am a ritualist, in the sense of liking to appeal to the eye in the arrangement of my services, it is due to my love of the drama, but, then, “ritualism” means a great deal more in common parlance. Nor am I a ritualist in uncommon parlance either—that is, one who knows the

science and history of ceremonial. Liturgiology always bores me to extinction, though I admire the industry of the liturgiologists. I am told that there are 10,000 books in the Vatican Library on the ritual of the Church. It sounds incredible. And I hope, too, that I am not a ritualist in the sense of one who thinks more of ritual than a Christian life, if there are any such.

I was brought up in a household that was famous for its amateur theatricals. My godfather, the dear old Dean of Hereford, was "Jim Boly" (Jimbo Leigh), who with Sir Francis Burnand founded the Cambridge A.D.C. When he promised in my name to renounce the pomps of the world he certainly did not include the drama. He and his brother, the good Sir Chandos Leigh (who has lately passed away at a ripe age, in the midst of awful sorrow at the loss of his two brave sons in the War), were very much to the front at Hams every Christmas (long before I was born) in organizing our plays. James Leigh was our stage-manager, and Chandos used to write the "business" (a sort of pantomime like the Canterbury Week Epilogue).

Nearly all the famous amateurs of the end of the last century have appeared on the Hams boards, from Sir Stephen and

Sir Alfred Scott Gatty, Fred Clerk, Augustus Spalding, Quintin Twiss, Captain Gooch, and Lord Kilmorey, to the younger generation, Arthur Bouchier, Alan Mackinnon, Lionel Monckton, Claude and "Scrobby" Ponsonby, etc. We had a very small stage but managed to perform big plays, such as "School," "The Palace of Truth," "Time Will Tell," "The Parvenu," "New Men and Old Acres," and a host of others. I suppose that the Hams plays went on every Christmas in regular succession for about forty years, and very great fun they afforded. In later years, when their uncle became a parson, my nephews and nieces took to open-air Shakespearean drama, and produced some excellent shows, in conjunction with the members of the O.U.D.S. H. B. Irving took part in one of these later productions. Hams Hall also entertained other stage celebrities from time to time. Sir Arthur Sullivan stayed there when I was a boy, and I can just remember his practising his scales at the piano, with the intention, I suppose, of shaming us into taking more trouble with our music lessons. Gilbert I met once, and he was very kind to me about copyright performances of his plays. Fortunately, I think, he did not remember that I was the same parson who once remonstrated with him by letter about something I thought rather unnecessarily

“risky” in one of the operas, and received a very curt reply: “Sir, there is nothing so nasty as the scrupulosity of the over-nice.” Looking back on it, I rather agree with him now, though I still think that when, as in the case of the old Savoy operas, a high standard is arrived at, it is well to maintain it at the risk of being sometimes “over-nice.” The most “over-nice” of all entertainments were those of the German Reeds. We had one of their manuscripts once of a play we performed at Hams, and it surprised us to find the most harmless expletives cut out, such as are now frequently heard in the most respectable society. What delightful performances those were! They were literally “unique,” and when the old company broke up it was found impossible to revive them. Even without Corney Grain they were good, but with him they were absolutely perfect. Corney Grain has never been surpassed. I met him in private only once, but his death made me feel that a personal friend had departed from my life. I remember being much honoured at his approval of some of the lyrics in a libretto I wrote for an operetta to which Lionel Monckton wrote the music. This was before the days of the composer’s fame, when he used to delight us at Hams with the flashes of his incipient genius.

With such a training it is not surprising that

I came up to Oxford, in 1879, with a mind bent on the stage. I have told the story of the "Fight for the Drama at Oxford" in a little pamphlet, published at the University, and a more full account is to be found in my friend Alan Mackinnon's "Oxford Amateurs," in which many of the illustrations gibbet me in costume before my parishioners, to the great discomfort of the preacher's soul.

It will be sufficient here to give the story shortly. Various attempts were made in the sixties to form an amateur dramatic club at Oxford, but it was always harder to do this there than at Cambridge. Great names like Tom Taylor, Herman Merivale, Purey Cust, Robert Reece, Dean Hole, and Talfourd figure in old Oxford programmes, but the thing never caught on. In 1878 the "Shooting Stars" had ceased to shine, and there was nothing doing. Even the legitimate professional drama was boycotted, and there was no place of entertainment but the "Vic.," a most disreputable place. I suppose I ought to mention that the only scrape I ever got into at Oxford was at the "Vic." Scarcely a night passed there without some row, and I got mixed up in one, my chief offence being that I screwed down the strings of the double bass in the orchestra in the midst of a symphony. I think I also did

something to a policeman's helmet in the scrimmage. Anyhow, I found myself being walked off to the police-station for the first and only time in my life. My tailor went bail for me, and a few days afterwards I was tried before the Vice-Chancellor. The trial was attended by a formidable audience from Christ Church, and whether it was by my pathetic appearance or by the presence of the "Loders" and "Rousers" and other gilded youth, the Vice was moved to let me off with a fine.

It was to satisfy our dramatic tastes rather than to improve Oxford that we founded the Philothespian Society. The principal names of those who began the work were Alan Mac-kinnon (still a prince among stage-managers), Hubert Astley, W. J. Morris, Elliot Lees, Fred Shafto Adair, Henry Hayter, Sydney Platt, and Gilbert Coleridge whose delightful book "Eton in the Seventies" sums up all that I should have wished to have said had I included School Memories in this book.

Mrs. Liddell, the *grande dame* of Oxford, one of the handsomest and kindest ladies I have ever met, gave us her support in these early days. We frequently gave entertainments at the Deanery and at Mrs. Cradock's at Brasenose. These were generally of the charade or waxwork order, and were rather trivial. H.R.H. the Duke of Albany took

part in one, and I remember "making him up." Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Midleton also, at one time or another, appeared at B.N.C.

Mrs. Cradock was a charming hostess, who revelled in her dwarfish appearance, and emphasized it by insisting on being taken down to dinner by the Magdalen giant Lascelles, who stood nearly seven feet to her four.

But the actual performances of the Philothespians were generally in the Templars' Hall or the Holywell music-room.

Sometimes we went farther afield, to Bicester and Aylesbury, even to Brighton and Hastings. It must be understood that acting at Oxford for money is forbidden by the statutes. Everything was therefore of a clandestine nature. We had to give tickets away and wait for a donation.

After two or three years of this sort of thing the authorities began to kick, and if it had not been for Canon Scott Holland, who was the Senior Proctor, I should certainly have been sent down as the chief instigator of these irregularities.

A crisis was reached when I was sent for by Dr. Evans, of Pembroke, the Vice-Chancellor. I asked if he intended to send me down if I acted, and he refused to say. It

was with a heavy heart that I left his study to go and act a particularly comic part—"Amanthis" in "Little Toddlekins." Fortunately, he did nothing and went out of office to make way for Mr. Jowett in the next term.

To Jowett belongs the honour of having seen that amateur acting in Oxford had come to stay. I only wish that my intercourse with that great man had not been confined to the one occasion when, in the presence of the Senior Proctor, I argued out the case for the drama with him, though, perhaps, if I had seen him often, I should have come off worse than I did on that occasion. I had before me some alarming precedents. There was the agnostic undergraduate who, thinking he would please Jowett, remarked that he had "doubts," and was told that he must get rid of them by the end of the week or go down. He could not leave his "doubts" in his study as Frank Buckland left his pet, when the Dean of Christ Church told him that either he or his tame bear must go down. Then there was the undergraduate who could only talk about the weather, and was met by "Think so?" from Jowett after each effort at conversation. He, however, scored eventually when at the conclusion of the interview the Master said, "Young man, your powers of con-

versation are somewhat limited," and the boy went to the door and as a parting shot turned round, repeated, "Think so?" and fled.

Well, I did my best to explain to the great man why we wanted to act "Money" at the Holywell Rooms, and to implore him to give us his patronage. Holland sat behind him egging me on with smiles and grimaces. Jowett got really interested and suggested Shakespeare. I eagerly assented, and the end of it all was that he gave his famous decision that, provided we gave the female parts to women and confined ourselves to Shakespeare, we might do what we liked.

That decision was the foundation not only of the O.U.D.S. but of the revival of legitimate drama in Oxford and the New Theatre.

It would be wrong not to mention that another stream was all this time adding to the force of the main river which swept Jowett and the authorities on to this wise recognition. Frank Benson had played "Clytemnestra" in Balliol Hall, and the Greek play enthusiasts, under W. L. Courtney (now the popular Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*), were all "doing their bit."

But, apart from myself and all these, another star had now arisen in the firmament, and in the nature of things the light of the drama was bound soon to overcome



Arthur Bouchier.

James Adderley.

OUR LAST APPEARANCE TOGETHER ON THE STAGE.

To face p. 145.

the darkness of Oxford. I allude to Arthur Bouchier, whose time at Oxford overlapped mine by a year. "A. B.," as we called him, was a born actor, if actors are born. At my Dame's at Eton he astonished the natives. Mr. Dalton could not manage him, but he was proud of him. On a famous occasion when the boys were playing "Still Waters Run Deep," Bouchier insisted, as of course he was bound to do, in smoking a cigar in the celebrated scene which admirers of Mr. Kendal will remember. "Bouchier, put out that cigar," vainly pleaded my Dame in a throaty voice some three times over. A. B. took not the slightest notice and of course he was not punished. I have always looked upon Arthur as the most versatile of all actors. There is scarcely any kind of part he has not played, and played well, from his earliest youth. Yet he has his mannerisms. How often have I seen him on the stage look exactly as he looked when he entered my room at Christ Church on our first acquaintance. My last appearance on any stage was with him in a duologue written for us by "Gomm" Whitmore when he made up as "Dizzy" and I as Gladstone. But before that day I have many times played parts with him, and ours is a firm friendship. I was one of the four clergy who were deemed necessary to wed him

to his most talented and delightful wife, Violet Vanbrugh.

Arthur Bouchier was bound to go on the professional stage, and he has done well, though I do not think he has been sufficiently recognized even yet. I should think few actors have started off at the first go with such a salary as he was paid by Mrs. Langtry when he began his professional career. I remember how amusing he used to be when he would run over to Hams when playing in Birmingham, and on one occasion had to climb on to the van of a goods train to get back in time to answer his call. His unfortunate understudy was just going on as Jacques in "As You Like It." If he had done so, A. B. would probably have come on too, and there would have been an eighth "age of man" that night, a free fight "*sans* teeth, *sans* everything!"

I am no critic, but I am bound to say that I agree with a great foreign actress who said to me not long ago, "You have two really great actresses on your stage, the two Vanbrughs, Irene and Violet."

I carefully watched Mrs. Bouchier one day when she was playing in "The Walls of Jericho" for about the 400th time. Where everybody else in the cast (including her husband) showed signs of weariness, she was as fresh as ever, and every word and gesture

showed (or perhaps I should say concealed) the consummate art with which she was playing.

Of Oxford acquaintances, I suppose that H. B. Irving, Holman Clark, and Frank Benson are the next most celebrated that I have kept up, while Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Martin Harvey, and Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson are among the great stage personalities whom I sometimes meet behind the scenes.

I have already referred to Frank Benson's work in the Oxford revival. One of the delights of our undergraduate days was to see his beautiful hair flying in the wind as he ran and won the "Three Mile." His skill in athletics has often stood him in good stead on the stage. Even before he had left Oxford he had appeared in a London theatre. I played Paris very badly to his Romeo at the Imperial, and he afterwards made his *début* at the Lyceum as Paris to Irving's Romeo. Very soon afterwards he started out on his life's work of popularizing Shakespeare all over the country. I should think few actors have had such a widespread influence for good as Benson.

It always interests me to go behind the scenes and hinder "H. B." while he is making up. He is, of course, much more than an

imitator of his great father, for whom I always had the profoundest admiration. The first play I ever saw was "Charles I," and I never ceased to worship at the old Lyceum shrine. That was, of course, before Ellen Terry had come on the famous stage to complete our delight, and we had to be content with the pretty Miss Isabel Bateman. Dolling was a great friend of the Bateman family, and one night after "Hamlet" he said to Isabel, "You had the right advice given you to-night: get thee to a nunnery, go, farewell." She took his hint, and the last time I saw her was in the dress of a Sister of Mercy, praying for the soul of dear Bob while I was celebrating his Requiem.

It was a great joy to me one day to be invited by old "Uncle Sam" Ward, a celebrated American, to a box at the Lyceum with the prospect of supper with Sir Henry afterwards. "H. B.'s" old dresser, his father's too, tells me he well remembers the occasion. Irving was playing Matthias in the "Bells," and I looked in vain for the two doctors who were supposed to attend in the wings when he made his great effort. He certainly seemed none the worse for it when he came in to supper. It was a distinguished party. There were Edmund Yates, Marion Crawford, Sir John Monckton, and dear old Toole. I met Toole

also at W. J. Morris's rooms at Oxford. Only once again did I come into personal contact with Sir Henry. I ventured to ask him (as he was coming to Birmingham) if he would give a recitation in aid of my parish. He wrote me a very kind letter in reply, which must have been posted about three hours before his untimely death. I shall never forgive myself for having mislaid that letter. I have looked in vain for it many times. I suppose some member of my congregation was an autograph hunter and stole it.

Of the old actors and actresses, the only ones I ever saw were Charles Matthews, Fanny Stirling, Ristori, and Walter Farren. Fanny Kemble I saw once, she being the mother-in-law of my good old godfather, the Dean of Hereford. I must leave him to tell stories of her when he writes his "Memoirs," which are long overdue. Mrs. Stirling was a wonderful old lady. I went to her to be coached in playing Mrs. Heidelberg in "The Clandestine Marriage." She kept me in a continual state of laughter, and I am sincerely glad that she was not present when I tried to reproduce her interpretation of the character. I remember her telling me of her experiences at Windsor in old days, and how, when the late Prince Consort could

not see the jokes, the Queen had to poke him in the ribs to make him smile. I never knew personally the giants and giantesses of my youth, the Bancrofts, the Kendals, Miss Ellen Terry, the marvellous Gaiety quartette, Nelly Farren, Kate Vaughan, Terry, and Royce ; but I thank them for all the treats they gave me. I once accosted Walter Farren in the street and thanked him for all the entertainment he had afforded me in times past. He stared at me in my cassock and said, "*Long* times past, I should think !"

I have a great admiration for the art of Madame Yvette Guilbert, one of whose letters to me may interest the reader.

Writing from a certain town which shall be nameless, Madame Yvette Guilbert said :—

Je suis dans cette affreuse ville, où l'alcoöl semble être la poudre de riz de chaque visage. Ah ! la pauvre humanité. Jamais je n'ai si bien senti qu'il y a vraiment un Enfer. Pauvre gens . . . mais quelle dose d'inconscience pût leur garder de la gaieté ?

Car ils rient, ces gens, et n'ont pas l'air de comprendre leur affreux état. Et dire qu'ils sont peut-être fiers de leur époque, et contents d'être ce qu'ils sont, sans vouloir, vouloir et encore vouloir fuir le gouffre d'obscurité qui les rend brutaux d'esprit et de corps ! Le cœur se serre à voir leurs yeux, leur fronts et leur épaulés. J'ai chanté hier soir pour cette humanité peu faite pour mes couplets et l'essai des managers de créer ici un théâtre pour gens bien élevés sera gaté par cette classe humaine qui a soif de tout . . . excepté de spectacles un peu comme il faut.

Enfin, espérons en temps meilleurs pour ces brutes du Bon Dieu.

You ask me for a motto for a friend. Here is mine :

“ Fais ce que les autres ne font pas.”

A postscript shows me up :—

I saw you laughing to a naughty song, Monsieur le Parson !

Another theatrical wedding I took part in was that of my friend Alfred Capper, the very best “thought reader” I ever saw. I don’t think I have ever known him fail, which is more than could be said for Irving Bishop and others who used to try and mystify us when we were youths. I hope everybody who reads this book will read his “Recollections and Reflections” which have lately been published.

It will be gathered from the above that my stage connection is a very small one, and that I am only an amateur. I am not even up to date in amateur theatricals. They have long since lost their charm for me outside my own parish. But they were very delightful while they lasted. I was admitted once to the sacred circles of the Windsor Strollers, and of the “Old Stagers” at Canterbury. There we used to act under pseudonyms, some of which were rather cleverly invented. Colnaghi (one of the best amateurs I ever

knew), was "Col. Naghi." "Scrobby" Ponsonby was "Herr Scrobbs," I was "Sir Hams Hall."

Of amateur ladies of my day I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Mabel Clerk was the cleverest, and her Nan in "Good for Nothing" compared very favourably, I always thought, with Lady Bancroft's and Mrs. Cecil Clay's. I used to act the engine-driver in that play, and I certainly preferred doing it with Miss Clerk to doing it with Mrs. Cecil Clay (Rosina Vokes). The latter so wholly occupied the stage herself that we minor people were nowhere. But it was not that alone that made me prefer Miss Clerk as Nan.

I remember being very much gratified at receiving a compliment from Charles Brookfield when I played the engine-driver at the Vaudeville. Considering that he was then one of the best character actors of the day, it was indeed a compliment.

But my vanity was most severely tested when I played Hawkshaw in "The Ticket of Leave Man" at Windsor. But after all, who could not play Hawkshaw happily, who is bound to bring the house down at the end of the act, when Bob Brierly, the Lancashire lad, who has fallen among thieves, writes a letter to his former employer to warn him of the coming burglary, and asks "Who will take it?" "I

will," says the disguised drunken navy springing up, "I will—Hawkshaw the detective!" A man who cannot please the gods with that had better not attempt acting again.

But such triumphs are not for me in these days. We parsons are told that actors have the whip hand over us because "they preach fiction as if it were fact, and we preach fact as if it were fiction." The curious thing is that modern philosophers are telling us now that our best chance of getting a hearing is to preach fiction as if it were fact, and moreover that, if we do it persistently, the fiction becomes a fact, and the only kind of fact that religion has got to offer! In other words, we are to become actors or "hypocrites," the very people against whom our Master warned us. It's an odd world, isn't it? Still, these philosophers, if they would not put it in that crude way, are teaching us a great deal.

Religious people must use symbolism more than they do, and they must revive a mystical atmosphere somehow if they are to penetrate the darkness of materialism which (even after the War) will keep on growing round us.

The late G. F. Watts expressed to me once in a letter the difficulty I have always felt that any teacher has in maintaining sincerity and effectiveness, when he has to deal on the one hand with alleged historical facts and on the

other with ideas. I had asked the great painter to do a kindness to a friend of mine by 'designing' a sort of crest for his Society which was dedicated to the angels. Unfortunately, I suggested the "Annunciation" to Mr. Watts.

This was his reply :—

I have to express my extreme regret that I have not been able to do the little thing you asked me, and which I made a sort of promise to do. The little ability I have is under strange restrictions. I require always working with great sincerity, the absolutely tangible as in portraiture or the absolutely intangible ideal as in symbolism. What I would suggest is embodied in these words: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

It is here that I think the drama is once more going to be the handmaid of religion. The revival of miracle plays, pageants, mysteries, and the production of real poetical plays is all to the good. It means the breaking down of a lot of stupid prejudice and the conversion of the Censor. The production of "Joseph" at His Majesty's Theatre marked an epoch, not so much because it was a religious play (it was not that), but because it familiarized people with the idea that drama and religion are not to be kept in separate compartments in life. I wrote a letter in

defence of Sir Herbert Tree at the time when the Puritans were ignorantly attacking him, and I am sure he will not mind my publishing his private letter to me at the time.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, LONDON.

MY DEAR ADDERLEY,—

I must write a line to thank you for your letter in to-day's *Daily News*. It is fine and manly of you to have done this, and I think the public will recognize that you have hit the bull's eye of right thinking.

H. BEERBOHM TREE.

I cannot do much myself in helping the union of the drama and religion. I am only a slum parson, and, like all parish clergy, am terribly "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" within the limits of a district. Very poor people in a city are not good material for a dramatic company or even for an audience. We do little plays at Christmas, but it is only possible with the help of outsiders. In the country it is far easier. Charles Marson could make his Somersetshire yokels act Nativity plays with words out of their own heads. The talented authoress of "Eagerheart" has done wonders at Glastonbury by encouraging the people to express themselves in drama; but for the most part the dramatic instinct of English people has been stamped upon as effectively as their religious instinct since the

sixteenth century, and it will take many years before the flowers grow again. The English clergy cannot even walk in procession without looking awkward and ugly. Is it surprising that their parishioners do not look to them for help in cultivating their dramatic aspirations? Moreover, the masses cannot be taught these things. They must grow of themselves. We have got to begin again from the beginning and hope to develop a religious drama, and through it a new drama altogether. It is worth considering, in conclusion to this chapter, the history of drama and its intimate connection with religion.

Historically, the religious drama is the acting of mysteries and miracles and moralities by Christian people for instruction in religion and for entertainment. At first, as is well known, Christians were afraid of the drama. This was because it was associated with much that was bad in the pagan theatres. When Christianity was beginning, the old pagan drama was degenerating. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that it was tabooed, but it is quite a mistake to take the denunciations of the drama by Christian preachers in those days as in any way applicable to the modern theatre. So far from that, the modern drama actually evolved from the ritual of the Church itself. Ritual is essentially dramatic. It aims at self-expression. It

is a moving picture of men's belief in action. The Mass itself is a drama. In its beginning a very simple action was instituted by our Lord Himself. It was only natural that in the hands of believers it should develop into something much more elaborate. At great festivals or seasons, illustrating events or dogmas of the Creed, it became customary, with introits and antiphons, to portray these events by action, as, for example, the burial and resurrection of Christ, the conversation of the women at the sepulchre, and so forth. It is very easy to trace how Passion and Nativity plays evolved from this. Then the plays (for so they were) were performed out of doors; then their production was undertaken by the great trade guilds. Gradually this developed into the cycles, or complete dramas of religious mysteries from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, performed in procession, or at stations, in pageants or cars, generally at Corpus Christi-tide. In the Middle Ages these mysteries and miracles were the staple form of entertainment for the people. It is not surprising, therefore, to find them full of "comic relief." Extra-scriptural characters were added to the *dramatis personæ* and fresh episodes, as, for example, the bedel of Pilate's Court, who wrangles with his master and puts him to bed till the Jews arrive; the landlord

of Calvary, who disputes with the Jews about the lease and is cheated by them; the spice-seller, with his wife (said to be a relic of the quack doctor, a favourite character in old folk plays), the midwives at Bethlehem, and many others.

The whole of this, of course, came to an end at the Reformation, and few of us realize the deep gash that it made in the heart of the nation, and how it deprived the people of almost the only means they had of learning Scripture lessons. We talk about the open Bible that became ours at the Reformation, but do we ever ask ourselves how many were able to read it?

There is a pathetic story which has come down to us of an old man who heard the story of the Crucifixion from a seventeenth-century Puritan, and said: "I remember seeing Him of whom you speak in a play many years ago. There was a man on a tree, and the blood ran down."

Thus the drama and the Church became separated, and the former pursued its course apart from religion. Now the question arises, "Shall they be brought together again?" Shall religious drama in this sense be revived? As we have revived music as an art of the Church (for it must always be remembered that the Puritans objected to organs quite as much

as to the stage), so, now, shall we revive the old drama?

As an entertainment of the people it is, of course, no longer needed, but for instruction and edification I think it is very desirable indeed.

Here we come to a distinction. There are two methods of religious dramatic revival. There is, first, the professional religious drama, of which we have lately had a very splendid example in Sir Herbert Tree's "Joseph." With that kind of drama I am not much concerned. The only connection between "Joseph" and religion is the fact that part of the story comes from the Bible. As a way of breaking down prejudice against taking scriptural subjects for plays it will no doubt do good, and, of course, as a great spectacle, it was well worth seeing. But the work of professionals in religious drama is, I think, of another kind, of which I shall write just now. The only method of revival is by Christian people. I should like to see Christian people acting religious plays and plays with a high moral ideal for educative purposes, and as a means of self-expression for believers. I once suggested to Mr. Campbell that he should act with me in London. He was much amused at the idea. He met me with a refusal something like that of the old lady who was asked for her vote in a

municipal election, and replied, "What! *me* vote? Why, I've been a respectable woman all my life!"

Of course a great deal has already been done in this way by Bethlehem tableaux, Nativity plays, and moralities acted by members of Christian congregations. But there is room for a very large increase of this, and I would specially ask Nonconformists to take it up. When I propose these things I am assailed by anonymous letter writers, who tell me to be honest and give up Orders, and that the curse of God is on me for dabbling in theatricals.

But I am not dismayed by such silliness, and I verily believe that a dramatic revival in the Churches would be a fine thing for the furtherance of religion.

And now for the professional drama. I have said that I do not look to the professional stage to produce a religious drama of the old type. I should not care to see the Oberammergau play in a London theatre. But I do want to see plays of a really human type which will bring religion back without its being called religion.

People do not want the moral of a play flung at their heads. Neither do they want it put on the programme, "This is a religious play." They must find that out for themselves. And just as often it is not the eccle-

siastical picture which teaches people so much Christianity as the human picture, so it will be with the play. Probably Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bernard Shaw (though I should not recommend budding playwrights to imitate Shavian methods) are really the authors who are producing most religious results at the present day.

Christianity was first taught by parables. Our Lord did not teach dogma in the style of the Nicene Creed. He just told people a human story and left them to find out what it meant. So it will be with the religious drama of the future. It will not be called religious. It will not confine itself to scriptural plots or Bible characters. The religious motive will not be too obvious, as in a tract or Sunday School anecdote (a species of white-lying not confined to the Jesuits). Rather, it will steal into the conscience-house as a thief in the night. It will attack the strong man of the world, armed, keeping his palace, and thinking his goods are in peace. It will come upon him, and overcome him, and take from him all his armour wherein he trusted and divide his spoils.

The actor-manager who accepts the new play will hardly be aware that he is about to produce a religious drama. The Censor, it is to be hoped, will remain too stupid to find it out.

The audience will be led on gradually to perceive that there is a vital connection between this human story enacted before them and the spiritual life about which they talk in church and chapel. Just as the disciples of Jesus, who had imbibed no spiritual truth from the dogmas of the Scribes and Pharisees, discerned it at once in the stories which our Lord told them about simple ploughboys and humane shepherds, and shrewd bankers and profligate lads, and grumbling labourers and smart jewellers, and soulless plutocrats and suffering beggars, and jolly wedding-parties and selfish priests, and unctuous pastors and heretical philanthropists, and penitent tax-collectors, so the playgoers will find beneath the modern stories of everyday life the pearl of great price.

Again, just as the disciples recognized that this "new teaching" had an authority of its own which was more real than that of the scribes, the authority of religious experience, of conscience as distinguished from the bullying dogmas of the sabbatarians and the sticklers for ecclesiastical observances, so it will be with the new audiences. Twenty years of church and chapel-going will have left them cold to spiritual truth. The braying of pulpit asses, the denunciations of the uncommonly good, will have passed like water off a duck's

back, while two or three evenings at a theatre will have opened out a new view of life to them. They will have discovered the eternal Christ beneath some strong, loving character in the play, an ordinary man, perhaps, with no scriptural title to his name, with no religious phrases on his lips ; while beneath some other characters, struggling against temptations, baffled by some spiritual problem, crushed by some evil circumstance, oppressed by some worldly force, yet not called heretics or sinners, or damned souls, they will have found themselves.

“The Passing of the Third Floor Back” has been called a bad play, and perhaps, from the point of view of technique, it was so, but in the hands of that consummate spiritual artist, Forbes Robertson, it was undoubtedly a tremendous power for good. So was Mr. Rann Kennedy’s “Servant in the House,” a far better play, which, to our disgrace, failed to attract Londoners, while at the same time it was being played with enormous success at eight theatres in America.

Now, what have we Christians to learn in this matter? First, the great lesson (and this applies not only to dramatic but to all art, to music, poetry, literature, and architecture) that we are not the only spiritual pastors and masters, that perhaps we are the least im-

portant of such persons. The vantage-ground of the pulpit, the confessional, and the theological study has been largely lost through our own fault—our own most grievous fault. We have failed to convince because we have tried to monopolize the field of spiritual teaching. Now, instead of trying to regain our monopoly, as the landlords and the capitalists do, let us humbly recognize that we never ought to have wanted to be monopolists. Let us realize that just because we are Christian teachers, ambassadors of the Incarnation, we must call in the aid of and co-operate with all human teachers.

Christ is the "Word made flesh," not the "Word made parson." God has poured out His Spirit upon all flesh. The Old Testament ideal that all the Lord's people should be prophets has been realized. It was the first Pope who gloried in the fact that our sons and our daughters were able to prophesy—our Labour leaders and our Suffragettes—that our young artists could see visions, and our poets and dramatists could dream dreams.

Modern Nonconformists have a work to do in helping to show the mistaken view of life which their Puritan ancestors (with the best intentions, with much reason, and under great provocation) let loose upon the Church and the world. It is they who can do so much

to pave the way. They can combat Sabbatarianism (the Sabbatarianism which brought Jesus to His death); they can fight against all the soul-destroying ideas which have gathered round the verbal inspiration of the Bible; they can persuade people that, however inadequate the religious teaching in the Church schools may be, the system known as "Cowper-Templeism" is infinitely worse, and is rearing generation after generation of children who know not the Lord or the gospel; they can shake Mrs. Grundy and put her through a course of Sandow exercises till she begins to walk, not as a fool but as wise, redeeming the time. In the matter of the drama they have a very special work. They must assist in finally taking off the taboo which the Puritans put upon the stage and upon amusements generally. Religious people must not be content with a negative attitude in this matter, merely saying that the theatres are not so bad as they used to be, and that we cannot altogether forbid our young people to go to them in these days. They must believe that the drama is a positive force for good, and take pains to help in the organization of amusement as being as important as industry. Religious people who lament the horseplay in the streets and the vulgarity of much that goes on in leisure time have to a large extent them-

selves to blame for it. They have let slip from their hands one of the greatest spiritual forces in education which God put into them. The modern Church is almost the only institution that has not understood the power of the drama or the value of appeal to the imagination.

Since the disastrous divorce between religion and amusement we have had to pay for our amusement instead of amusing ourselves. There is an analogy to this in all our arts. Why do we have to pay church furnishers to provide us with woodcarving with which the village lads of Norfolk and Suffolk would have decorated their parish churches in the Middle Ages? Why do we have to pay choirs to sing to us in church? Why in ritualistic churches, on Palm Sunday, do we have to purchase dried leaves from the East at an exorbitant price instead of going out into the lanes and pulling down the yew and catkins to "straw them in the way"?

We have lost the faculty of self-expression. Even the ritual movement in the Anglican Church is terribly formal and artificial. Boys have to be taught what to do, just as young ladies and gentlemen have to be taught the Turkey Trot instead of, as in Russia or Scotland or Italy, flinging themselves about quite naturally in Tarantellas and Highland reels. I

hope I am not misunderstood. I do not propose that the Church should resolve itself into a dancing school or a dramatic college—not that at all. I am only suggesting that a part of our work is to create an atmosphere in which the old spirit might revive.

III

LITERARY

Tract-writing — “Stephen Remarx” — My other books —
Goodwill — Hall Caine — Oscar Wilde — G. K. Chesterton
— *Punch* — Amateur authors — Clerical literature — Sermons
— George Russell.

IT must not be supposed that by calling these “literary” reminiscences I myself lay claim to be a man of letters. I have never been more than a scribbler, a writer of “tracts.” The Editorial Secretary of one of our Church societies once told me that I was the best tract writer he knew. This was a great and undeserved compliment, but I think it was paid me because, by writing tracts as if they were novels, I have perhaps succeeded in doing the former while utterly failing to produce the latter, and the “tracts” which evolved have been rather more lively than most. Certainly the ordinary tract is a terrible thing, especially in the form of a Protestant story about a priest who, after saying Mass and hearing confessions for twenty years, is suddenly informed, apparently for the first time,

of some very elementary truth of Christianity by a railway ticket collector, promptly throws up his religion, marries the collector's widowed stepmother, and lives happily near Muddle Puddle Junction, attends Muddle Puddle Chapel on Sunday evenings, and eventually dies in the odour of sanctity and milk-vans.

Newspaper critics always say that I "disarm criticism" by calling my novels "tracts." Perhaps I do. It is rather a good dodge, and succeeds in getting readers. I ought not to call it a "dodge" exactly, because I am really quite honest in announcing my stories as tracts. It is the publisher who always insists on calling them novels.

The first tract I wrote was "Stephen Remarx," and it gave me a notoriety which I have never been able to quench. Wherever I go I am asked if I am "Stephen." Only lately, after twenty years have passed, and I am dressed in khaki, looking anything but a tract-writer, the Censor at the Base, before he stamps my letter, says, "By the way, are you the ——?" etc., etc.

I wrote the book in a few hours during a holiday. I always write in my holidays. The idea was suggested to me by a little book called "The Russian Priest." I thought I would try to write about an ideal Anglican parson..

I believe the success of "Stephen Remarx" (it ran to twelve editions) was due to the simple fact that it dealt with a subject which was in everybody's mind at the time. I remember some one saying that the popularity of a book nearly always depends on its giving utterance to something that the mass of people want to say or to have said. John Wesley's sermons or the "Tracts for the Times" are very dull reading now, but they were very successful when they were written. To descend much lower than these, Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps" had a marvellous sale of millions. Nobody would read it now. "Stephen Remarx" came out just when slumming was the fashion among religious people of the upper classes, and Socialism of a very mild type was beginning to be indulged in even by duchesses. It was also rather an "unsectarian" kind of book, and appealed to the Nonconformists, though written by a supposed ritualist. I remember a Nonconformist minister grasping my hand and nearly wringing it off when he heard that the author of "Stephen" was sitting near him. Having scribbled off my manuscript (it was never even typed), I sent it to a publisher, confident that he would accept it at once. He has since laughed with me over the mistake he made in rejecting it.

I think it was refused by twenty firms at least. I began to despair, when I caught sight of the advertisement of a literary agent. He got it looked at with approval, but it was not until my old Eton tutor's pupil, Mr. Edward Arnold, saw it that the final bargain was struck. How elated I was when I held in my hand the first copy, and how proud when I read the first review! Reviewers have always been extraordinarily kind to me. I received hundreds of letters from all kinds of people, from Bishops to working-men, thanking me for the book. Most gratifying of all were these words from the G.O.M. to my father: "I wanted to say with how much pleasure I had read your son's excellent (and at the proper time entertaining) book." Years afterwards in the library at St. Deiniol's I looked at Mr. Gladstone's copy to see what marks he had made—he always marked his books. They interested me much. A letter I received from Sir Charles Dilke about another book pleased me. He wrote:—

It is not often that one reads a book in which one would not wish to change a single word. I have just read your new volume, and that is how I feel about it, so I want to say so to you. I shall hope to be able to say in one or two public ways what is my conception of the value of the book.

Yours truly,

CHARLES DILKE.

I have never written anything so successful as "Stephen Remarx." It was published in America, and there have been editions varying in price from 3s 6d. to 1d. I believe most people like it, but there are some who think it priggish. The C.O.S. took it horribly seriously, and lectured me on my loose view of economics. But the C.O.S. never had a sense of humour. I do not think this is an unfair accusation if the story is true that they once took an old lady's teeth out, but on discovering that her great-grandfather or some ancestor drank too much, refused to give her a new set until they had satisfied themselves that she was sober.

Mr. E. F. Benson was a little unkind in his book "The Babe B.A.," when he described the awful result to some one who read the first chapter of "Stephen" and got no farther. But most people were far too kind to me over it and made me very conceited.

There was another book called "Cecilia de Noel," about a kind of female "Stephen Remarx," which had a vogue at the same time. A somewhat amusing competition was started in one of the magazines in which the competitors were to describe the married life of their two favourite characters in fiction. The prize was won by somebody who "married" Stephen and Cecilia. The prize story was very funny.

Of course I had to write another book. "Paul Mercer" went pretty well. "Behold the Days Come" and "A Piece of New Cloth," by far the best of the four tracts, were never very successful. I think people had got tired of me, though most of the reviewers still tumbled over one another in paying me compliments. Of two celebrated parsons to whom I showed "Stephen Remarx" before publication, one said "it would bite," and the other, sarcastically, "A mere squib!"

Of my religious books the most carefully written is "The Parson in Socialism," but, as usual, my pen was a little bitter, and it cost me the loss of some friendships which I valued much. Canon Scott Holland devoted some pages of his excellent monthly, the *Commonwealth*, to a review of it, and was a bit too kind, as he always is.

"The Creed and Real Life" and "The Epistle of St. James" I consider the best things I have written, but the public does not agree with me in this.

"Francis: the Little Poor Man of Assisi" was the first attempt to write a short Life of the saint after the publication of M. Paul Sabatier's epoch-making volume. I was frightfully pitched into by the Roman Catholic critics, but I survived and the book has always sold well. It was praised by Mr. G. K. Chesterton

and by Prof. A. G. Little, the greatest of British Franciscan students, and that was enough for me. The best thing it did for me was to introduce me to that most delightfully human of all learned men, Paul Sabatier, who has been one of my greatest friends ever since I wrote it. I have written better things on St. Francis since then, notably two sermons in the little volume "Third Orders," in which Charles Marson collaborated with me. "Monsieur Vincent," a short life of St. Vincent de Paul, has also won the approval of many. Now I have done writing about my own books, and I have only mentioned a few of them.

I positively blush when I look at my name in the British Museum Catalogue and see what a lot of space I take up with my penny-a-line effusions. Talking of a penny a line, I have made much more money by magazine articles and reviews than by books. I suppose this is the experience of many authors. I do not write for money, but the honoraria are very acceptable to a slum parson. I have been able to do a great deal of work in my parishes with my "literary earnings," as the tax collector calls them.

I ought, perhaps, to mention *Goodwill*, a magazine which I edited for about fifteen years. It was an attempt to provide something rather superior to the ordinary kind of parish maga-

zine then in vogue. It was never very popular, partly because people always suspected me of wanting to deluge their parishes with Socialism. The most popular parish magazines are those which contain a serial story about an insipid young chorister who gets into bad company with some atheist lecturers but is rescued by the Vicar's wife, who finds him a nice little wife in the grocer's shop. His father-in-law dies leaving him a hundred pounds, and the last act ends with a christening and tea at the Vicarage. Besides this you must have "Questions and Answers on Church Life." The questions as well as the answers are written by an expert in ecclesiastical problems. This is the correct style: "Why does our new Vicar say 'Aymen' and not 'Armen' as our late Vicar did?" "Why does the senior curate wear a stole during the Litany while the Vicar wears a black scarf?" "Is it right for a young deacon to advocate Disestablishment?" "Ought I to say 'My Lord' to the suffragan Bishop?"

I am not a good editor, and I am not sufficiently restrained and reserved to run a magazine of that kind. I defy any one holding strong views on any subject to make a great success of a parish magazine. Think what it means to provide every month something for perhaps a thousand parishes, where

the Vicars hold all kinds of opinions and the parishioners too. My hair is quite grey now. I do not know how far this is due to my fifteen years' editorship of *Goodwill*. Nevertheless, I look back with satisfaction on some things due to my editorship. For one thing we got the G.O.M. to subscribe £5 for initial expenses, and I persuaded Dr. Charles Gore to write some elementary articles on theology, which were afterwards published as "The Creed of the Christian." I ought to have made a fortune out of that, but I did not. It is the most popular of all Dr. Gore's books. By the way, the title *Goodwill*, an exceedingly happy one, was the inspired thought of Canon Scott Holland. It has lately been adopted by a new magazine of an international character.

Now, however feeble my own writing has been, it has introduced me to the world of literature, and for that alone I am glad. When I was a sort of monk Hall Caine turned up one day to tea and inspected us. He was writing "The Christian," and allowed me to revise the proofs where they concerned the "Religious life." He has often been asked who "John Storm" is, and his answers seem to have suggested that he is a mixture of me and Father Jay. I only hope that all the naughtiness is Father Jay's! I was once sent a cutting from an American newspaper in

which I appeared as "the original John Storm." It amused me immensely. But how irritating it is for an author to be asked whom he means by such and such a character in his books! As if any decent writer puts photographs of actual people in his novels! They wouldn't be novels if he did: they would be Blue Books or police reports. If you describe a peeress with socialist ideas, it must of course be Lady Warwick in every detail; if you introduce a Prime Minister, it must be Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour. You cannot damn an author more effectively than by making these insinuations. In one of my stories I described a parvenu who picked his teeth with a fork. I was immediately told that Lord — never did such a thing. Well, who said he did? I did not!

Hall Caine has come in for some hard knocks from the critics, but no one who has read his early novels of the Isle of Man can ever deny his power and attractiveness. Miss Marie Corelli shares with him the hard knocks, but the mere fact that their stories run into hundreds of thousands shows that they meet a certain need, and by no means necessarily a wrong need. We all love the heart of the masses when we reach it (as we have lately in the case of the Tommies). These popular novelists have

reached it long ago, and there is probably something wrong with us if we altogether dislike what they love.

To turn to a very different literary personage, Oscar Wilde. We at once say "genius." Yes, a genius in the sense of Sir Herbert Tree's new definition, "An infinite capacity for not having to take pains." Yet he must have put himself to a good deal of trouble to think out many of his epigrams, as he also did to prepare his correct costume before going to a party. If it is wrong to crib sermons, I think it is much more wrong to crib epigrams, and I felt quite ashamed of my cloth when I heard of a parson who went about saying he was a "Lion in a den of Daniels," as if Oscar Wilde had not said it twenty years before him. The quickest repartee he ever made was, I should imagine, when he declared that there was no subject on which he could not speak at once, and some one suggested "The Queen!" "She's not a subject," said Wilde. He was always brilliant, even in prison. I was with him at Reading Jail the day before his release. He was naturally very much excited at the prospect, and chattered away in exquisite poetry about God's beautiful earth and sea in which he was once more going to revel.

"But think," he said, "that I have now

got to live for a year on what I used to spend in one week ! ” He declared that he had learnt a wonderful thing, called “ humility,” during his time in prison, and then sampled it by speaking of his prose as “ the finest prose in the English language with the exception of Pater’s.”

The nicest thing he said to me was at the beginning of our interview. “ Have you ever visited a prisoner before ? ” I was obliged to confess that I had not. “ Then, bad as I am, I have done one good thing. I have made you obey your Master.” I certainly never realized before what a rotten system of punishment ours is, if by punishment we intend to reclaim our citizens. To begin with, the authorities wanted to have a warder present while I talked to Wilde. I had to go to the Home Office to protest against this, and I got my way. But fancy putting a man like Wilde into solitary confinement for months ! Fancy treating him in this way at all if we really wanted to use his gifts for the nation ! But of course, we did not.

It will take a long time to convince people that there are better ways than prison life with which to meet crime. It is only gradually that we are coming to see that, at least in the case of juveniles, our reformatories should be homes and schools.

I am always proud to think that my father was one of the first men in Parliament to insist on this, and he stuck to his point all his life. But where they are homes and schools, they are splendid institutions. I would even deal with slum children by way of country public schools. Why should not all our slum children over seven years old go to public schools outside our big cities, and live a healthy, happy life, going home for their holidays only? They want discipline in their lives, which they won't get in their homes until a new race arises. Gradually in this way crime would disappear and families would arise with a view of life that was healthy and sweet. What a lot that would cost! Dear friends, we shall never use that argument again after we have got accustomed to spending five millions a day on war. It would destroy home life? Dear friends, you have destroyed it already by your slums. Why not re-create it in a new way?

But I have forgotten. I am writing about my literary friends. I have very few. Authors can hardly be expected to admit such a numskull into their sacred circle. G. K. C. is one of them. It is not for me to describe him. As a parson of the Church of England I should like to say that our Anglican treatment of the biggest (in every sense) asset we

have on the intellectual side is on a par with our general muddle-headedness as a religious body. We have never had such an apologist as Chesterton, yet he hardly ever figures at a Church meeting. We prefer the dull logic of some dry-as-dust professor from Oxford to the sparkling paradox of the greatest wit of the century. It is he who has told us that a man does not believe in his religion until he has learnt to laugh about it (not *at* it). It is he who has told us that when we do laugh it is at the wrong time. We laugh at a christening because there is a baby, at a wedding when two young persons are beginning to take life seriously, and we cry at a funeral, when it is quite futile to laugh or shed tears, being too late to alter things.

Religion is still groaning under the weight of Puritanism and kill-joys in this country. Chesterton would lift us up, but we won't let him. We are still scared by mid-Victorian arguments about science and miracles. G. K. C. would deliver us and keep us orthodox at the same time. But we would rather not be set free. Our Scottish friends are said to take some minutes to see a joke: we take years. Even Horatio Bottomley could not understand why Chesterton once said that *John Bull's* frequent remonstrance against the Archbishop of

Canterbury's presence on the Board of Trade arose from a misunderstanding. Dr. Randall Davidson, according to G. K. C., is the man of all others who ought to preside over the Board of Trade ! (I decline to explain this.)

Any one who courteously and fairly explodes Puritan fallacies is doing more good than he knows to the cause of true religion in England. Puritanism has practically destroyed Sunday in thinking to preserve it, it has made Religion suspected, it has taken away joy and beauty and love, while supposing it was doing the work of the angels who make merry in heaven, of our Lord the King of Beauty, and of our God, who is Love itself. Most of this sad work is done through sheer lack of humour, and that is partly why it can only be undone by humorists like Chesterton.

I cannot imagine any one being offended by the wit of G. K. C. as a rule, though I daresay he sometimes makes a few people a little angry when he does not wait for the cap to fit but jams it down on some particular person's head by name. Of course, he is very bold when he writes in this sort of way : " In the inconceivable event of Mr. — [a prominent preacher] being converted to Christianity ! "

Punch would not do this, and *Punch's* humour is very powerful for good. It was my ambition when a small boy to get something

into *Punch*, chiefly, I suppose, because of the myth concerning the £5 earned by the man who sent up "Advice to those about to marry—Don't."

I send something about once every two years, and have been honoured about half a dozen times by Du Maurier and other artists, though I never got £5 or even fivepence. How does one get paid by that mysterious conference in Bouverie Street? The best of my effusions was a little quip which appeared when Mr. McKenna succeeded Mr. Birrell at the Education Office, and the religious difficulty was disturbing everybody's mind. It was only this: "After 'Birreligion'—the Cult of the Deus ex Mackenna." (This also I decline to explain.)

I am always sorry when some halfpenny rag gets hold of a good thing which ought to be in *Punch*. Such was "The new The-Oliver-Lodgy" at the time of the R. J. Campbell controversy. If I had thought of that I should not have wasted it on the halfpenny rag, even though I might have got my fivepence. It was like putting a valuable MS. in a parish reading-room, when it ought to have been in the British Museum.

I have a friend who provokes me because he will never send his good things to *Punch*. Was not this, for example, worthy of a place

in the celebrated paper? When "swishing" was abolished at Eton in the fifth form, my friend immediately remarked, "How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of Warre perished!"

This reminds me of the story of Burnand and Gilbert at a dinner-party. Gilbert was talking rather loud, and Burnand said, "I say, Gilbert, are you firing off some of the bad jokes you have sent to *Punch* which have been refused?"

"No," said Gilbert, "if they were bad, they would not have been refused."

Another good score made by one great man off another was this. Sir Andrew Clark and Sir James Paget were at breakfast in some house. Sir Andrew remarked when the mail was distributed, "I see, Paget, that you haven't many patients—you have hardly any letters." Sir James replied, "But I notice that most of your correspondence has a black edge!"

But though refined wit is good I think we may sometimes err in insisting on its being too much refined. J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," who used often to come to Hams, was much offended with me once by some (as I thought) very harmless joke I made about the "hupper suckles" in my magazine, *Goodwill*. I made some mild fun about family prayers in a big house. Shorthouse refused to write for *Goodwill* as a protest against my

vulgarity. Later on he repented and did send me a few lines.

It strikes me as I write down these things that *Tit Bits* might provide me with the income which I have hitherto failed to get from other periodicals. Editor, please note. Which also reminds me that professional journalists often complain of us amateurs for taking the bread out of their mouths by dabbling in their business. It is a difficult question. If the Editor of a newspaper or a magazine thinks that an amateur author can do a thing better for his purpose than a professional, I do not see why he should not ask him. For example, I was asked by a leading newspaper to review the "Life of Father Dolling" because I knew him so well. Was this wrong? It certainly demanded skill to read a big volume and review it decently in about eight hours. The professional could have done the trick more easily, but I think the Editor had a perfect right to ask me.

When it comes to simple reporting I think the professional has more to say in his own favour. Though even here a distinction is necessary. To report the speeches (say) at a Church Congress is the work of a professional, but the Editor might well ask a parson, with his knowledge of Church affairs, to write a descriptive account of the features of the

Archbishop of Canterbury, the costumes of his wife and daughters, the meeting between a Modernist Dean and a High Church Canon and how cross they looked with each other, etc. It really requires a parson to write about ecclesiastical affairs. Parsons talk more "shop" than any other class, and the outside world is not at all interested in these questions of what goes on inside the Church. This is very bad for the clergy themselves, some of whom are, as a dignitary once said to me, "as narrow as a razor's edge, without any of its sharpness."

Numbers of our sermons never penetrate the souls of our hearers because they are full of theological terms which nobody understands, not having been to a theological college. Here, for instance, is a fine sentence lately fired off by a Canon in the cathedral of a somnolent city: "Having entered this caveat against the too facile deduction of an abstract reasoning"! I wonder what the old ladies made of that. At the same time, I think the world exaggerates the "inhumanity" of the clergy. We are not so ignorant of human nature as people try to make out, and the taunt of our being such bad business men is often quite undeserved. Few of us are as unworldly as the old country parson who, when he was told that Gladstone was going out to

South Africa, remarked "Why I thought the old rascal was dead." The fact that we do not often produce a great literary man like "George Birmingham" or Baring Gould is no discredit to us. We produce more real literature than any other class outside the professional authors. I am speaking of secular literature. In biblical and theological writings, of course, the Anglican Church is very rich. It may not have held its own in world-wide reputation. There are not many Creightons, Westcotts, Lightfoots, or Sandays, but there are a very large number of the next class.

(I did not put Stubbs in the above list because I did not know how to spell his name in the plural. And I should like to have put him amongst my humorists were it not that the stories about him are too well known to be included even among my chestnuts.)

One reason why the clergy are not so prominent in literature as they were is the very creditable one that they have ceased to spend much time in composing sermons. I call this creditable because it means that they are more alive than they were to the pressing need for applying Christianity to everyday life. The great mass of people in England are ignorant of the very elements of Christian doctrine, and, what is worse, deficient

in the mystical spirit or the desire for God and the other world. I cannot myself believe that carefully prepared sermons, in which there are no split infinitives and plenty of rounded phrases, are really the best way to remedy this deficiency. A human talker, like Dolling or Stanton or the present Bishops of London and Chelmsford, does more real good than all the great preachers who have spent hours in a comfortable study with a typist. But this does mean a falling off in homiletic and theological literature of a classical kind which will last. Nor, when I say this, do I wish to discount the good work that is done among certain eclectic congregations who gather round a learned or eloquent preacher Sunday by Sunday. There is an intensive culture which produces good results in the Church. Great preachers are not always remote from actual life. I remember taking Phillips Brooks round Bethnal Green, and I certainly found him very much in touch with things.

The big preacher of this type is generally found in Nonconformist chapels, and in many ways he is able to do a work which the parish priest cannot. The ordinary Anglican parson is confined within the limits of his district, and tends to deal with individual questions rather than broad, national ones. This makes his sermons somewhat petty in their character.

The Nonconformist gets around him a kind of *salon*. He seeks to inspire his hearers in different classes to go out into the world and apply Christianity over a larger area than one particular parish. It is, so to speak, more worth his while to prepare carefully a sermon which may have a worldwide effect. The Anglican Church is gradually waking up to the fact that extra-parochial work is of importance. More care is taken in making appointments to cathedral chapters, for it is the cathedral which offers the best opportunity for a national and widespread message.

“The Cathedral City” has become a by-word for somnolency and unprogressiveness. It should be just the contrary, for the preachers in the big church, freed from the trammel of a parish, should be men who can deliver their message to the world at large.

But when all is said and done the influence of a good life is far greater than that of a thousand sermons, literary or not. English people are too fond of sermons or, perhaps I should say, are too fond of expecting them, and them only, from their ministers. It is extraordinarily easy to listen to sermons without any sort of intention of carrying out their message.

To live in the company of a holy man makes a far greater demand upon one's capacity for

penitence than to listen to a fellow in a pulpit. And most of us do not want to "repent," in the scriptural sense of "changing our minds."

The cynical Lord Melbourne said that the Church of England was the greatest bulwark against Christianity. He disliked the clergy who preached about everyday life.

"Chicken-stealing is very popular in this part: to preach about it casts a gloom over this congregation, sir," said the deacon to the parson about to ascend a certain pulpit.

Probably sermons are not destined in the future to have so much effect upon life as novels and plays. Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. G. B. Shaw, perhaps, are doing a more potent work than any known Bishop. A preacher finds it very difficult to be artistic. He has a few minutes in which to deliver his message. He is tempted to fling it at the audience in solid lumps and say quite plainly what he is after; there is no time to digest it. A playwright or a painter or a poet clothes his message in beauty, and leaves his hearers or seers or readers to find out what he means. Of course you may argue that the greatest of all preachers was One who spoke in parables, and that His ministers should follow His example. I only wish they could. But parables, pictures, and poems are not the stock-in-trade of the ordinary Christian

minister. He does not lay himself out to provide the wherewithal. Very often he lays the blame on his congregation, and says that they would not stand it. I do not think they could if *he* tried!

In concluding this ramble among my literary acquaintances I must refer to the Rt. Hon. George Russell. I am not sure that he ought not to have appeared in the "Ecclesiastical" chapter, for he is a most devoted son of the Church. He has been called the Samuel Pepys of our day, and A. G. G. tells us that future historians of the epoch will get most of their information about the social life of the nineteenth century from his books. They will certainly have a large mine in which to search, for he is one of the most prolific writers of the day. He has an extraordinary memory, and can quote you whole passages from his favourite authors, while as for anecdotes he is what a late Regius Professor at Oxford used to call "a perfect store'us." He has what is known as a "caustic pen" where Anglican Bishops are concerned, but this is in spite of, or perhaps I should say because of, his tremendous faith in the Church itself. The case for Disestablishment was never put better than in his great speech in the House of Commons on the first Welsh Bill. He is an old-fashioned Liberal, and has very little sympathy with

Socialism. His great ideal is Mr. Gladstone, and his small *Life of the G.O.M.* still remains the best of all the biographies. He understood the depth of Gladstone's religion more than any man, and I look back with gratefulness to the night when he and I were the first to watch around the great statesman's bier in Westminster Hall. I remember how on that occasion in the semi-darkness we were both startled by a weird figure rising from his knees and imploring us to light the candles round the coffin. It was that wild Irish M.P., Dr. Tanner, who had been praying for Gladstone's soul.

George Russell, like the old Christy Minstrels, makes the boast that he "never performs outside London," and it is certainly difficult to imagine him anywhere else. He simply loves London, and a huge amount of real work he gets through in those rooms of his, where all kinds of people come and find rest and comfort (mental, physical, and spiritual) from his cheerful companionship. The only fault that I know of him is his persistent refusal to stand for Parliament again. We need more men like him in the thick of public life, but we must be thankful, I suppose, that at least we have him active and powerful still in the thick of the world of literature.

IV

SOCIALIST

My father—Gladstone and Disraeli—Ben Tillett—The great Dock strike—Charles Marson—Shuttleworth and Headlam—Mr. Bradlaugh—The Christian Social Union—The Church Socialist League—Tom Mann—John Burns—Keir Hardie—Robert Blatchford—G. B. Shaw—George Lansbury—The Suffragettes—Socialism and the War.

“WE are all Socialists now,” so said Sir William Harcourt in the eighties. I think that drove me into real Socialism. I was quite sure I could never be a Socialist if Sir William was one of them. I had to find out the real thing and see whether I could get to like it. I suppose most Socialists have come through a phase of Radicalism and “official” Liberalism. Certainly I did for one.

What made me a Socialist? I think it was the great Dock strike of 1889, though long before that I had been advancing that way. I was never Conservative; partly, I think, from “pure cussedness,” which always has made me kick against my surroundings. I do not wish to suggest that my family influ-

ences were all of the high old Tory type. My father, for example, was a Liberal-Conservative, and we were all brought up in silent worship of Gladstone. Not, of course, that that would incline me to Socialism. Dizzy's novels were more in that line, and Dizzy my father never liked. My father was never a party man. That is why he could never be put in the Cabinet. "Adderley will be Adderley still," was Disraeli's reply to the suggestion that he should join the Cabinet. A President of the Board of Trade who secretly sympathised with Plimsoll, an Under-Secretary of the Colonies, who believed in self-government long before Chamberlain, an Education Minister who hated red tape: such men in those days were not safe advisers for her Majesty. Added to these, his deep religion (he would spend two hours alone after every Communion) naturally made him the friend of his great adversary, whose politics were always subservient to his religion. "May I be near him in the next world!" was the way in which my father spoke of Gladstone, to the dismay of an old Tory uncle of ours who thought the G.O.M. was the devil, though even he was almost converted when they met at Hams Hall. Mrs. Gladstone always called my father "the kindest of dear William's enemies." Gladstone gave him his K.C.M.G., which called

forth Disraeli's remark, "I am glad to see that our opponents decorate our bench." My brother, the present Lord Norton, keeps up the paternal tradition of independence and, judging from his letters to the newspapers, belongs to no party in either Church or State. He is certainly thoroughly English in one characteristic, that while he inveighs against dogma he is eminently dogmatic himself.

But I always felt that the extraordinary comfort and complacency of the upper classes by the side of the continual struggle of the masses was due to the capitalist system of "profiteering" (as the *New Age* calls it), and that it is thoroughly unjust in essence, and that I for one had no right to enjoy it without at least a protest. It was when I found that Liberals and Radicals were quite as content to enjoy it as Tories that I finally went over to the Socialists. I am a thoroughly discontented fellow, and have been so for at least thirty years. This discontentment has always made me unconventional. That is why I could never rise to any high or responsible position, or keep one if I had it. I should always be wanting to do the thing on out-of-the-way lines and my comrades would object, and I should have to go. But it has made me cotton to unconventional people of all kinds, and that, I think, drove me to the Socialists.

The first thing that set me thinking in this direction was a meeting of the old Guild of St. Matthew in a back street somewhere, when I heard Stewart Headlam say, "Let us turn from the Bishop of London to the Bishop of souls." To take one's gaze off Dr. Jackson and to fix it on Jesus Christ! That seemed to inspire me. At that time I was a law student, and I used to spend some of my evenings in the slums of South London. Then I went to Oxford House, and it was there that I first became a Radical. Oddly enough, it was through doing Tory work for my friend Henson, who at that time, with Lang, was running a League in defence of the Church establishment. I lectured once or twice for them, and it made me a believer in Disestablishment. I found it so very easy to pick holes in my own arguments. Then I turned to social questions, and wandered about in Whitechapel with Ben Tillett on a Sunday morning, looking at the burdens of my brethren. Then I made up my mind to be ordained, and left the Oxford House. I could never have settled down as a conventional parson at the head of a University Settlement. I wanted more independence. I got it when I was appointed to the Christ Church Oxford Mission in Poplar.

Socialism was in the air. Ben Tillett was



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lecturing at the Dock gates, while I was preaching platitudes in the same place. He was threatening a strike, and the Dock directors were smiling at his thunder. In a few days the place was in an uproar. Thousands of poor, starved dockers struck: the better paid stevedores came out in sympathy. I threw myself into the stream, though my ignorance of the exact issue prevented me from being a leader. I collected £700 to feed the strikers, and lost a peer's annual subscription to the Mission of £50 by doing so. I went on errands between the Bishop of London and John Burns.

I was present at the famous interview between Dr. Temple and the future Cabinet Minister, then a rough agitator. The Bishop sat drinking endless cups of tea in Dr. Mason's drawing-room at Trinity Square. "My heart," he said, "is with the dockers, but my head is with the Directors." He tried his economic theories on John Burns. "There is much about our case in the old Book [the Bible]," replied the agitator.

Bishop Temple just failed to be a leader in the great Dock strike. His old-fashioned political economy and his absolute sincerity prevented him from being this. Of course the principles on which the strike was conducted did give shocks to many people. One Oxford

don had the courage to come down to Poplar and preach a sermon on "Be content with your wages." Cardinal Manning, on the other hand, was bold in the other direction. One of the most picturesque scenes during the strike was his visit to the Directors, when the old man stood and preached a little sermon to them about the sufferings of the poor.

This reminds me of one little episode with which I was connected. A friend among the Directors had given me £10 to spend on the wives and children. The next day John Burns said in a speech, "Even the Directors are helping us." My friend wired to me to ask me if I had let out the secret of his donation. Of course I had not done so, but it was a curious coincidence, and got my friend into trouble. The Directors were made to confess to each other at the Board meeting what they had done, and my friend was obliged to "tell up" about his £10.

I have often thought that if Cardinal Manning had preached a Mission in East London immediately after the strike, he would have made a harvest for the Roman Catholics. He was the hero of the moment, and everybody felt that it was his religion that had made him do what he did.

The Dock strike called the attention of Church people to the casual labourer and his

hard lot. It exposed the futility of mere "slumming" and "charity," and, above all things, the impossibility of really preaching the "gospel" to empty stomachs. It was felt that cheque charity was worse than useless, and that the message of Christ was only half given if it did not touch the social problem. Everything was working towards a recrudescence of "Christian Socialism." I say "recrudescence" because, of course, the term was invented by Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley. Stewart Headlam had carried on the idea with his Guild of St. Matthew and his excellent paper the *Church Reformer*. Lord Morley used to say that there was enough good writing in the *Church Reformer* with which to run a first-class newspaper. Charles Marson, one of the most brilliant priests of the Church, and Thomas Hancock, one of its greatest prophets (whom the Anglican authorities left unrequited all his days), were among the writers.

Charles Marson was the most "all-round" Christian Socialist we had in the Church of England. What I mean by this is that his was not a Christianity with a light veneer of "interest in social reform," nor his Socialism a vague belief in the Kingdom of God by Act of Parliament. He really believed in the Catholic Church as the true Human Society

in every department. The Church was the new environment which God offered all men, whether they came out of slums or Park Lane. He had a love for the poor like that of St. Vincent de Paul, and was sincerely jealous for them. He would not even brook the rather harmless jokes made in *Punch* about tramps and "weary Willies." They seemed to him like jokes made about wounded and dying friends. He was too great for the ordinary and conventional agitators of any movement. The average Socialist meeting bored him. His description in a private letter to a friend (which has lately been published) of such a meeting is most amusing. He writes of "a little large-headed man who explained to us 'ow and 'ow long it would take to oust the landlords," and of his wife, "a vastly genteel damsel with wide grey eyes and a quite she-capitalist frock, who talked about the 'large bridals' of the future, and the dreadful need we all have of being voted out by the Suffragettes." A Church meeting, on the other hand, rather excited than bored him. He could not resist pulling ecclesiastical legs, especially gaitered ones. I should like to have been present when he catechized a former headmaster of a great public school about the number of ordination candidates he had been able to gather from among his pupils. "Shall

we say a hundred?" The ex-head, unaware what he was in for, mildly replied: "Perhaps not quite a hundred." "Shall we say ninety?" "N-no." "Shall we say eighty?" And so on, like Abraham in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, until the poor man was obliged to confess that he had not gathered even ten for the ministry. Then Marson turned to the episcopal Chairman and said, "Does not this show, my lord, that we should do well to imitate our Master and seek for apostles elsewhere—in a word, that we should ordain 'sanctified cads'?"

I suppose it is not necessary for me to explain that he was using the word "cad" in the Etonian sense of a member of the "lower orders." But his satire is at its best in those two famous pamphlets, "Huppim and Muppim" and "And Ard," in which the so-called religious education given in Church schools and the so-called education of candidates for Holy Orders is most remorselessly criticized. A smaller man than Marson attempting to write such pamphlets would have been ignored. If you compare them with that popular mid-Victorian satire, "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism," you feel at once the superiority of Marson's work. The one is actuated by a burning love of Christ and the Church, and the souls for whom Christ died.

The other leaves you with an uncomfortable feeling that the writer is not very much concerned with anything more than the making of a rather cheap score.

Marson's intense religion is felt also in his delightful book "The Psalms at Work," and in his little collection of sayings of great men about the person of Jesus Christ.

Such a man could never be content with the narrow limits of British Socialist propaganda. He must take the whole of life into his purview. Hence we find him studying folklore, Church history, county history, music, art, and a hundred other things, and bringing all of it to bear on the social problem. He really believed in the possibility of a merry England, though he knew he would never see it in his day. Though his help to us all in the War would have been invaluable, I cannot but rejoice that he was spared the shipwreck, and was taken to the company of his dear saints before the European crisis was reached.

Headlam was more of a Radical than a Socialist in the modern sense, but of his Churchmanship there was no doubt. The G.S.M. was, in fact, originally his guild of communicants at Bethnal Green. Another guild of his, "The Church and Stage Guild," also did a good work in its day.

Shuttleworth was his comrade in all his

propaganda: "Shuttlecock and Headlong" they were called. I never remember a better lecturer than Shuttleworth. The work these two men did in meeting secularism in the right way cannot be too highly praised and gratefully remembered by the Church. They were personal friends of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, and they always behaved as gentlemen in dealing with the movement of which these two powerful fighters were the leaders. Bradlaugh himself was always very courteous in debate, and it was all the more provoking when one heard a "Christian Evidence" lecturer almost insulting him, as I heard once at the Hall of Science. This was at a meeting held to discuss the Oxford House papers which were being issued at that time, as a very mild artillery wherewith to storm the secularist trenches.

Those papers were excellent reading for clergy and ordinands: they were quite inadequate to meet the *National Reformer* and the *Freethinker*. As head of the Oxford House I thought I ought to write to Bradlaugh to correct the impression he might have received, that we had had anything to do with the way in which he had been treated, and he wrote me a very kind reply saying he was quite sure I should not have approved of what was said. Mrs. Besant always interested me

more than Bradlaugh, because she was getting nearer to Socialism while he was getting farther away from it, and because she was always more religious in the true sense. Mr. Hyndman (whom I am sorry to say I did not get to know till much later in my life) used to oppose Bradlaugh's individualism with might and main, and it was probably that (quite as much as anything the Church ever did) which eventually turned the attention of the workers from atheism to Socialism, and made the *Clarion* so popular in its early days.

Militant Socialism superseded militant atheism. Shuttleworth always prophesied that this would be the case, and it is sad that his comparatively early death prevented him from witnessing the fulfilment of his prophecy. I owe much to that man and to a little book called "Christ and Democracy," by C. W. Stubbs (afterwards Bishop of Truro), which he gave me. But the G.S.M. was not destined to convert the Church of England to Socialism or anything like it. Anglicans move very slowly, and especially in matters that touch Tory politics and interference with monopoly. Clergy are still allowed to crowd Tory platforms without being accused of mixing up religion and politics. Church newspapers still take it for granted that the vast majority of their readers have little interest in politics beyond wishing

and praying for the downfall of Liberal Governments. There are still candidates for livings who will write to patrons, as one of them did to Lord Chancellor Halsbury, that "without neglecting my duty to my Master I always find time for two nights a week at the Conservative Club."

The G.S.M. was also too much associated in the mind of the Church with Headlam's views on the ballet, which were very anti-Puritan. Even I "squirmed" sometimes, though I shall never cease to reverence Headlam for his stalwart defence of Catholic truth and his extraordinary patience in prophecy.

Archbishop Temple never could understand Headlam and his persistent belief that a dancer had a soul to be saved and that tracts were not the only means necessary to salvation. It worried the good man to be asked to go to the Alhambra and see a new *première danseuse*, who happened also to be "a communicant in your lordship's diocese"; nor could he understand how her flimsy costume could be as "proper" for her work as his own "Magpie" was for his.

There was once a remarkable interview between the Bishop of London and a deputation of G.S.M. clergy and dancers.

Dr. Temple prefaced his remarks with an assurance that he had no complaint to make

against these ladies. The ladies were not quite so sure about that.

It is satisfactory to know that the present Primate takes a kindlier view of Headlam, and called him a prophet at one of the C.S.U. meetings.

Headlam's annual address to the G.S.M. used to be by far the most illuminating Church oration of the year. Here is a typical sentence from his address at the time when a Royal Commission had been appointed to report on the alleged "disorders in the Church":—

"Brethren," said St. Paul, "we exhort you admonish the disorderly." Let the Commissioners, for instance, investigate the charges which Mrs. Lyttelton in "Warp and Woof" has brought against the whole of West End Society: I do not say they are true, indeed I think they are misleading, though the Secretary of the Women's Trades Union League tells me that there has been this year a convicted case of a girl being allowed to work for twenty-four hours on end with only one and a half hours for meals and rest, but I do say that the Commissioners should send for Mrs. Lyttelton and get at the facts: they are more important and bear more closely on the question as to whether all is in order in the City of God than does the fact that in some churches two candles are alight in the daytime, or whether or not the chancels in our churches are maintained as they had been maintained in times past. Let us cultivate some sense of proportion. If clothes are to be the subject of stern and drastic action, let it not be the cut or the colour of the priest's at the altar, but the conditions under which those worn by the whole congregation are made. Let the highly placed ladies, too, who are responsible for this inquiry, be sent for and asked to give

an account of the history of their clothes, and to prove that they were all produced in an orderly manner—that there is no blood, or soul blood, in the skirts of their clothing. Let it be made clear that, without maintaining that twenty-four hours on end to make pretty frocks for a duchess's ball is customary, it is an undoubted fact that a large percentage of the young London population are unable to come to evening classes owing to the long hours of work. These are the real burning questions of order and disorder; these are the articles of a standing or falling Church. It would be well, too, if some one, somewhere, would take evidence as to how their fellow-Churchmen, their brothers and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, are housed; let them postpone the question as to the exact spot by the Altar at which the Gospel should be said until each one of their dearly beloved brethren has a comfortable home and their children a clean bed, and good fresh air to sleep in, and a moderate amount of healthy food. These are the real questions of Church order and discipline. The Church is a Communistic Society, a Society of brothers; the real disorderly thing which the Commissioners have to tackle is that so many of their brethren have not an abundance of the things necessary for bodily health. True Church discipline will insist on their having these things. The prosecution of those Bishops who violate the Ornaments Rubric can be postponed till these matters are settled.

For forty years and more Headlam has gone on explaining to the British nation the truth about Sunday, about the Sacraments, about the Bible, about Mammon, about the drama and the dance, about the Kingdom of God and many other things, and what he has written never seems to me stale or unprofitable.

But a society that is to convert a whole Church must not be a one-man show, and it

must also go more quietly to work than the G.S.M. could ever do. It was necessary to form the Christian Social Union. Henry Scott Holland and Charles Gore were the original leaders of this Society, and it has worked wonders in the Church. I was a member for about ten years, and I believe I got as many recruits for it as any one else. Yet I was not content with it, chiefly because I had committed myself to the political Socialists, and that was just what a real leader of the C.S.U. must never do. The Union rightly welcomes all kinds of Churchmen who are agreed upon two things—the urgency of social reform, and the belief that Christ alone can solve the problem. It is a sort of Vigilance Society for the Church in matters of social interest.

Another Society, the “Collegium,” is now doing a splendid work in the same direction, under William Temple, son of the great Archbishop.

The Church Socialist League, which has been comparatively lately formed, starts definitely as a body of Socialists, and has done much to correct the idea that the Socialism of a Churchman is a particular brand of Socialism which is only in a half-hearted opposition to “capitalism” and all its attendant evils.

The truth is that Socialists proper are those who believe that, slowly or quickly,

by Fabian methods or I.L.P. methods or Syndicalist methods or Guild - Socialism methods, the present capitalist system has got to go if ever poverty is to be abolished and a just distribution of wealth is to be accomplished. Of course this means that we Socialists differ among ourselves. Was there ever a living movement that did not involve differences? The war has accentuated our differences, and some most amazing results have already shown themselves. State control has become the cry of the anti-Socialists, and compulsory methods, which the Socialists were once supposed to favour, are being held in check by them. Still, the main idea of the Socialists remains the same, and it will be more difficult for their opponents to revert to their old ideas after the war than it will be for us to heal our own differences and co-operate once more with our pacifist comrades. Certain lessons will have been learned by the nation which will make it impossible ever to go back to the anti-Socialist position. So also it is to be hoped that certain lessons will have been learned by the Socialists which will help them to achieve their ideal.

In a period of great transition it is difficult to talk of great leaders. The old ones will be discarded: the new ones are at present unknown by name. But I venture to mention

those whose friendship I have made during the last thirty years and from whom I have learned much, even though in some cases nothing would induce me to follow them again, unless they changed their minds! I will not say to which particular ones this last sentence refers.

The first friend I made in the Socialist Movement was Ben Tillett, always a much more patriotic person than the Jingoës believed. I have already referred to our acquaintance in Bethnal Green and Poplar. Another remarkable person was Tom Mann. The Dock strike in 1889 brought him into prominence, and he certainly managed it, with Tillett and Burns, very well. He soon became a popular guest at clerical meetings, and it is perfectly true that he had thoughts of being ordained. Supposing he had been, which would have come to grief sooner, the Church or Mann? I wonder.

I did not meet him after 1889 for many years, not indeed till I found myself in the Bull Ring not long ago screaming on the side of the Black Country strikers.

John Burns, I must confess, I liked best before he became a Cabinet Minister, though no one who meets him can help being impressed by his honesty and determination. But I was certainly more moved when I heard him preaching on the "rising orb of the dockers'

tanner," in 1889, than I was when I sat with him in his office a few days after the Liberal Government romped in with its leviathan majority in 1906. There was something more romantic about "Bloody Sunday" when I ran up a side street to escape being knocked down by the Guards at full gallop than there was in that snug little room at the L.G.B.

As a Christian I have always had a great respect for another revolutionary, Herbert Burrows, who, though very unorthodox from my point of view, has never been anything but a spiritual reformer. When I remember my extreme ignorance I reflect also on the audacity with which I used to talk and write to men like Herbert Burrows and J. M. Robertson in the days of my youth.

Now for a word about Keir Hardie. This part of my book will probably lose me the few remaining subscriptions that I can look for from my friends to help me in my slum parish. I had better begin by saying that I utterly disagree with both Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald as regards the War. But this is not going to make me deny that both these men have taught me much in times past.

I knew Keir Hardie for more than a quarter of a century, so perhaps I have some right to speak about him and once more defend him against his fellow-Christians. His enemies

never made a more foolish mistake than when they attacked him on religious grounds and tried to make us believe that he was an "atheist." His was the grandest figure in the Labour Movement. His very appearance lent a dignity to British Socialism. When one sees how easily the enemies of Socialism forgive their opponents, provided they modify their opinions, one understands why they have never forgiven Keir Hardie, and how little their forgiveness really means. Keir Hardie has committed the unforgivable sin of never having budged an inch from his convictions. In these days for that alone we should thank God for him.

But it is of his religion that I want to write. His was a rugged, straightforward religion, expressed in his noble, lion-like countenance. He admired all goodness when he saw it. This made him, while thinking the worship of royalty a little overdone, have a genuine admiration for Queen Mary as a mother, bringing up her children to fear God. He knew—and no one better than he—that Christianity was the only force that could really work a revolution. It was that conviction that made him chafe at the clergy who, as he said, talked "Socialism" but seldom "materialized" in an election. He really meant it when he said in Canning Town Hall some twenty-five years ago, "Send me to

Parliament to work for the souls of those for whom Christ died." He really meant it when he wandered about the parish of St. Agatha's, Landport, just after Bob Dolling's death, to find out the working-men whom this wonderful priest had brought to Christ; his heart went out to one who had really touched the heart of labour, which he himself had found so hard to do. He really meant it when he meekly met the foul attacks made by his "Liberal" opponent at Merthyr in the last election but one, when everything that any German atheist had said against religion for the last forty years was placarded about the towns and villages as representing Mr. Keir Hardie's view of God. I never felt more ashamed of my fellow-religionists than I did during that election. There were so-called Christians refusing Hardie a platform in their conventicles; there were others distributing an indecent picture of him reprinted from some dirty racing paper, calculated to make people think him an advocate of "free love," while he himself was on the platform pleading for the kingdom of God, surrounded by his wife and family.

He said some severe things about Christians, but nothing more than we deserved. When he met the appeal from the Welsh Church of England Men's Society to oppose Disestablish-

ment he rightly reminded them that they had never supported him in all his long struggle for freedom for the wives and children of the miners. Why should they suddenly conceive this affection for him when the stipends of the clergy were in danger?

Again, he really meant it when he took advantage of a few hours' rest in the midst of the I.L.P. Conference to attend our Eucharist at Saltley, and to say, "This looks like the reunion of Christendom." I did not like his war views, but that is not going to make me withhold my tribute to his genuine goodness and his deep religious enthusiasm. I doubt if since the days of the "Clapham Sect" there has been a closer mixture of religion and politics in any one individual. He represented the exact antithesis to the German atheist Socialist. It was only the gross blindness of many of his political opponents which prevented them from seeing this, and caused them to attribute to him the infidel motives which they did. They were the real infidels who would not believe that God could work His will through the unorthodox. May God give us a few more "atheists" like Keir Hardie! We shall certainly need them when the War is over.

I have suffered much from my friends by my attachment to Keir Hardie from the days

when I used to speak for him from a cart in West Ham to the days when I said that I had learned much Christianity from him. I am not penitent about this. I have lost subscriptions, but I have gained a friend in Paradise.

The "atheism" bogy has always amused me, because it was so transparently insincere. The anti-Socialists could only keep it up by quoting, or misquoting, little snippets from Socialist writers, a process by which it would be quite easy to prove that Toryism and Liberalism and even Christianity itself is atheism. But this insincerity was never more blatantly exposed than when the whole of the capitalist class left off abusing Robert Blatchford, the secularist, and called him the saviour of the nation. He did not change his religious views when he began to warn us about the War.

"Will you permit me," wrote Blatchford to me once, "to put the matter in my own way? Socialism and agnosticism are two distinct things. A Christian can be a Socialist, and so can an agnostic.

"I should not say that I have made agnosticism part of my Socialism, for that would be absurd. I should say that Socialism and agnosticism are both parts of my religion, just as Christianity and Socialism are both parts of your religion."

Personally I must confess to great disappointment when Blatchford began attacking Christianity. It was he who in the early days of the *Clarion* had scotched militant atheism by his highly moral and righteous propaganda of Socialism. For him to go back to the old mid-Victorian Bible-smashing was indeed sad. But we have forgotten all that now, and I prefer to think of him as the good old "John Bull" that he has become, and hope he will be knighted in due course.

Those who imagine that "Nunquam" is no longer a Socialist because he is a "John Bull" do not understand either him or Socialism. Socialism is to him, and I hope to all Socialists, the acme of patriotism, love of country, belief in the solidarity of the nation and the responsibility of all.

Converted Tories always make the best Socialists. I remember reading an article by Miss Marie Corelli on the "Coronation of George V," in which she told us that as she looked on in Westminster Abbey she felt "This is the end of Socialism." I wrote a reply to the *Daily Mail* (which was not published), in which I said that when I looked on at the Coronation of Edward VII in the same place I felt much more inclined to say, "This is Socialism at last." Why? Because at a coronation we experience, if only for a

short time, the power and glow of a united nation, all agreed and happy about a great national act. This is the root principle of Socialism. That is why the War, with all its horrors, has its great compensation for us Socialists. It not only proves the common sense of many of our economic proposals, but it shows us the great object-lesson of the futility of individualism and the splendid enthusiasm possible in a united (that is, a socialist) nation. So Robert Blatchford does not make me quake for his Socialism when I read his War articles. On the contrary, I feel it still tingling in his veins and in mine, but with renewed hope.

And what of H. G. Wells? Here is another from whom I have learned many lessons. I still think his "New Worlds for Old" the best book on Socialism to put into the hands of a Tory or anybody else.

Of course I could easily find something to say against each of my Socialist friends; I could show cause why I think each of them is wrong on some point, but I have tried just to put down a little of what each has done for me.

And now I have said nothing about the greatest of them all—G. B. Shaw—certainly the one to whom it is the most interesting to listen. Let any one go to a political meeting

addressed by a big Liberal or a big Tory : then let him go and hear G. B. Shaw. How different ! How vastly more alive and human !

I hope he will not mind my publishing a characteristic letter of his which I received when I boldly asked him to send me some of his books to sell at a bazaar.

You know not what you ask. At a moderate estimate the bazaars and sales organized by the unfortunate clergy of this country would, if I complied with their requests, dispose of five or six editions of my works every year. By dint of registering an oath of the extremest profanity in heaven never to comply with any such request, and stick to it for years, I have at last reduced even the clergy to despair. If I weaken, even for your sake, I am lost. And you are the last man in whose favour I should care to make an exception, because the less time you spend in begging for the poor, the more you will have left to insult the rich, which is much more important. It is everybody's business to feed Lazarus, who should therefore be left to the State. It is your special business to damn Dives, whom I accordingly leave to you.

By the way, I altogether demur to the position that you have a right to ask me for books because you have been weak enough to give books yourself. Where did you find the rule "Do unto others as others have done unto you" ? Suppose a man garrotted you, will that justify you in garrotting me ? It might provoke you to do it, but that is another matter.

(Signed) G. B. SHAW.

Again, I have forgotten George Lansbury, Philip Snowden and his good wife, Sidney

Webb and his, Bruce Glasier and his—all splendid people.

When Snowden made one of his speeches in the House a Bishop said it was the finest thing he had heard since Gladstone. There is something intense and pathetic about Snowden which makes men listen. Mrs. Webb, again, makes you feel small because of her stupendous knowledge. No doubt you kick against regimentation, and nowadays still more against "Prussianization," but for all that it is very difficult to answer the Webbs. It is easier to listen to Will Crooks, whose power is his humanity and humour. Why is he called "Weeping Willy"? I have known him for a quarter of a century, and have never seen him cry. He has often made me laugh. He is to the House of Commons what the Bishop of London is to the House of Lords. They each bring the East End to the notice of our legislators in much the same kind of way. I shall never forget the first Woolwich Election and the fun that C. F. G. Masterman and I had canvassing for Crooks. It was at a later one that when some one telephoned to Will, "Do you know that your opponent has two brothers in the Army and that it will make it hard for you with the Arsenal men?" he replied, "Tell them I've got six aunts in the workhouse!"

George Lansbury is another instance of the neglect by the Church of England of some of her most Christian sons. People look upon him as a fanatic, and perhaps he is, though it is well to remember that most movements, including Christianity, owe a great deal to their fanatics. It cuts me to the heart to find myself opposed to George Lansbury, as I sometimes do, on the War, for instance, but I hope I shall never cease to admire and love him. He has earned the right to criticize the Church, for he is a devoted adherent of hers. It is good for us comfortable Church people to hear this sort of thing :—

The Church has no future, and will be of no help to me or to anybody else, unless very soon it definitely takes sides in the struggle against poverty. The idea that the Church should keep the ring and as it were be a kind of Jack-on-both-sides is exploded, and now she must realize that the saying is as true to-day as when it was first uttered, "Those who are not for me are against me." If we have any work it is just this, to waken up the Bishops and the Deans, the Archdeacons and the Vicars, and tell them that the day of smooth sayings is over.

Unfortunately, this is the sort of man we seldom hear at a Church Congress, for the respectable Church laity dislike being told the truth. I wonder whether the type of churchwarden will ever change, whether we shall ever have revolutionary laymen in our high places

who will wake us up and not only lament the smallness of the collection. At present the Vicars and curates are generally far ahead of the laymen, just as the lower ranks of the clergy are far ahead of the Bishops—I mean in what are called “progressive” ideas.

I have written nothing about the Suffragettes, not because I think lightly of their movement, but because I feel that after the War the whole matter must be approached in a different spirit to that which was possible before. I could not, for instance, go over the dreary arguments again for or against “militancy.” But I can say, what I shall always say, that the leaders of the Women’s Movement put all political parties, and the Churches too, to shame by their genuine enthusiasm and earnestness. A Suffragette meeting, apart altogether from militancy and its accompaniments, is the most inspiring of all kinds of meetings. I would also say that their active opponents are the most dismally uninspiring people I have ever met.

They seem to me to work on a lower plane altogether, and do not understand the inwardness of the movement they set out to combat. While it is quite easy to imagine Suffragettes praying about their principles, it is difficult for me, at least, to imagine the “anti’s” doing it. It is almost inconceivable that when peace

comes the cry of the women will remain unheeded. Nevertheless, English people are capable of forgetting even the splendid behaviour of the Suffragettes in the War, and I should not be wholly surprised if the miserable fight began again, though hardly in the same fashion.

Nobody who has come in contact with any of the Pankhurst family can possibly feel anything but a sort of awe at their intense and pathetic seriousness about their cause. I can only say that I always wish that I could feel the same about Church people and their Christianity (including my own). A number of the Socialist clergy assembled at the Central Criminal Court prepared to witness for the *bona fides* of the Suffragettes at the first window-smashing trial, but we were not allowed to give evidence.

Perhaps the reader will ask after reading all this balderdash, "To what kind of Socialism do you incline?" My reply would be "To the Socialism of none of these *in toto*: rather to the Socialism so ably presented week by week by Mr. Orage in the *New Age*." I have been considerably shaken in some of my old beliefs both by Mr. Orage on the one hand and by Mr. Belloc on the other. But I am not giving my opinions, I am only commemorating my friends. Other clerical

Socialists who have been crowded out of this chapter must at least be mentioned by name. Conrad Noel and Percy Widdrington and Arnold Pinchard have in their various ways done very much to familiarize Churchmen with Socialism and Socialists with Christianity. Lewis Donaldson and his good wife have been constant in season and out of season in preaching the Kingdom of God. It is an instance of the blind timidity of Governments that Donaldson (chiefly, I believe, because he had the courage to lead a procession of unemployed from Leicester to London) has never received State preferment. It is quite a mistake to suppose that militancy of the Suffragette type is the only thing that makes Cabinets shy of promoting "extreme" people. In the Church especially any action of this kind (outside the pulpit) marks a parson as dangerous.

There still remain two very "extreme" Socialists of whom I have said nothing: the Countess of Warwick and Mr. Hyndman. It is a real loss to the nation that the latter has not got into Parliament. It is more than a loss: it is a disgrace. Why did they not put him in the House of Lords and give him a seat in the Coalition Government? He is the very man for a War Government. Of Lady Warwick, who has always been most kind

to me, I am certainly not going to write apologetic words. I am not going to explain to my aristocratic friends that it is really possible for her to be a Socialist in earnest. If they have any doubts they had better have a talk with her and, above all, they had better read a few Socialist books (not the tracts of the Anti-Socialist Union) and find out what Socialism is. I am well aware that before this book is printed the whole world will have changed and Socialism, like everything else, will have altered its complexion, but in a book of memories we must deal with the past and not with the future. It may be worth while even in 1916 to remember that there was a nineteenth century, and even that the twentieth had a first decade.

V

OPINIONS

The opinions of clergy—"The gloomy Dean" and the Socialist clergy—Christian objections to Socialism considered—The Church and everyday life—Religious education—Sabbatarianism—The Continental Sunday.

MUCH of what I say in this chapter has dropped out in various forms between the wheels of the anecdotal chariot as it has rushed along, and I must ask the reader's pardon if he finds me repeating myself. I must also apologize for thrusting my opinions upon others, though perhaps it will help us to understand why I called myself in the beginning a "third-rate ecclesiastic." I suppose I must begin with my ecclesiastical opinions, though it is not particularly as a parson that I want to intrude myself. People cannot get out of their heads that we have our ecclesiastical axe to grind. They draw a distinction between "a priest" and "a man." Such and such a clergyman is "a man," they say, not "a priest." This is rather a silly distinction. It is never drawn

in any other walk of life. You do not say when you want a mutton-chop: "I am going to buy my meat from Mr. Jones. He is the sort of chap I like. He is not a butcher; he's a man." On the contrary, you will be very foolish if you don't buy your dinner from a person who is quite certainly a butcher, though quite probably an insignificant little human creature rather like the lambs he kills. So if you want spiritual advice about your soul you will, if you are wise, seek out a priest, regardless of whether he can play football or tell a good story or has got "means of his own" and might lend you a "fiver" if you were stone broke. In a word, you want "priest-craft," as Kingsley said, a man who can exercise his craft as it ought to be exercised. I have been told that George Eliot was in a railway-carriage once with a friend, and there was a "muscular Christian" sort of parson conversing with them about all the topics of the day. The reverend gentleman got out at a certain station, and the friend remarked enthusiastically:—

"Ah! that's the sort of parson I like. No nonsense about him!"

"Is he the sort of parson you would like to have at your deathbed?" said George Eliot.

"Oh no!" said the lady.

But why "deathbed"? Is it not the life-

bed at which we really want the parsons to come and wake us up?

But the chief reason why I do not want my little opinions taken as a parson's opinions is because of the exaggerated importance which is too often attached to anything said or written by a clergyman, just because he is a clergyman. Why cannot we be allowed to talk to our fellow-creatures, at any rate in a book, without what we say being taken as in any sense authoritative? We are disciples as much as any one else, and a disciple is a learner. The clergy should be allowed to converse with people of all sorts, and not always be looked upon as giving opinions which have some sort of ecclesiastical or Divine authority. Of course there are occasions and subjects whereon the parson has no right to speak unless he is prepared to back it up with authority, but a book of this kind is not one of them. I am only chatting with my readers as a man to men and women. If I am "churchy," it is because I am a parson, just as I should be "horsey" if I were a jockey.

"Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?" as says Father O'Flynn in the well-known song. Yes, and no doubt we are some of us, as they say, not sufficiently *au fait* with human nature.

Bob Dolling, the most human priest I ever

knew, told some ordination candidates once that the best thing they could do would be to go and work in a City office for a year before taking Holy Orders. Well, I was in a solicitor's office for some time; so I did try his recipe—not that I think it did me much good. I think I got more good by working as an ecclesiastical layman in Bethnal Green. The real mistake that is made about our ordinands is not that they see too little of life, but rather that the life they see is not varied enough. The Public School and the Universities are too much of one type. A very great deal has to be unlearned before an Eton and Oxford man makes a good parson. The School and College Missions and the University Settlements have done much good in affording a new experience for the men who are to become clergy. The War is probably doing a great deal of good in throwing men of all classes together into a common life, and it is inconceivable that our schoolboys and 'Varsity men will be so ignorant in future about the souls of the working-man and the clerk. *Vice versa* the "lower classes" will emerge with very different views of the "rich." It amuses me to read the speeches of Labour leaders about the aristocracy when they go on recruiting expeditions. I only hope they will not go too far in their admiration of the upper classes

and meekly submit to "capitalism" when peace comes.

We Socialist clergy, on the other hand, are supposed to be in a state of servile adoration of the Labour party. The "gloomy Dean" calls us "chaplains to King Demos," and tells us that, unlike Christians, we affirm that "the sty makes the pig," while the religious thing to say is that "the pig makes the sty."

By the way, this Court chaplain metaphor is no new one, as the anti-Socialist admirers of the Dean seem to think, judging by their headlines. Canon Knox Little used it twenty-five years ago at an Oxford House meeting, and Dean Hensley Henson has frequently repeated it. What is it intended to imply? That we are obsequious toadies and are tumbling over one another in our frantic efforts to pay homage to Demos? It is rather hard on the Court chaplains to give people to understand that this is their ordinary character. Is it not possible to be a good Court chaplain? I should like to feel that I was a chaplain to King Demos. I should like to assist his Majesty to a better understanding of the religion he professes. I should like to show him that he has Divine sanction for his socialistic aspirations. I should like to provide him with intelligible services when he worships his God instead of being forced

by Acts of Uniformity to mystify him and drive him into atheism whenever, as an Anglican priest, I am called upon to take part in a royal christening, wedding, or funeral. There are plenty of things I should like to do if King Demos would appoint me his chaplain.

The truth is the Dean has a mistaken idea of what we Socialist parsons are trying to do. Take, for example, the slum parish in which I live. The Dean imagines, I suppose, that as a Court chaplain I am holding open-air meetings in the streets (there are certainly "courts" in the place, not like Buckingham Palace), and that at these meetings I am engaged in praising the moral beauty of the slum-dwellers, patting them on the back and telling them what splendid fellows they are. As a matter of fact, I am not even preaching Socialism to them. What good would this do? No, I am doing my work as a Socialist in quite a different way. By my pen or by my voice I am trying to get at the classes who live in the grand places of the earth, who by their education and position have the opportunity of altering the system under which the slums exist and disgrace this Christian country. It is not because we think Demos so good and Plutus so wicked that we spend our efforts on the latter rather

than on the former. It is because Plutus goes to Church and Parliament and Council. It is because Plutus is generally a prominent Churchman or Nonconformist, and talks a great deal about his religion and his love for the poor and how shocked he is at our atheism. We think that if we could get Plutus away from his conventional Christianity and converted to a gospel religion he might allow King Demos to live in his palace and not rot in a prison. I am sure the Dean is wrong in supposing that we pander to our poor old King, fast bound in misery and iron. We are out for something quite different.

Another way of making this accusation against us is to say that we "play to the gallery." A Bishop once complained that I did this. I remarked that it was about time we left off playing to the stalls and dress-circle.

And now for a word about the pig and the sty. Socialists say that the sty makes the pig; Christians *vice versa*. This is just one of those comfortable sayings which encourage the rich to do nothing. It is all the fault of the poor, of course. Lead-poisoning is the fault of the poor. Strikes are the fault of the poor. Convert the poor to Christianity and they will be all right. They will be loyal in a strike; they will be content.

Now, is it the best Christianity which teaches that the pig produces the sty? I think not. It results in Christians compassing heaven and earth to "convert" the pig to a form of religion and then leaving him to go "home" (save the mark!) to wallow in his sty. And did he make the sty, or does he alone keep it as it is? What about the jerry-builders who erected it and the landlord who draws rent from it and refuses to rebuild or clean it, even when the pig in despair asks for it to be done? If conventional Christianity sets out to convert these people, it too often only succeeds in making them subscribers to dole funds, or hymn-singing hypocrites, who assure the pig that he will be quite happy some millions of years hence in a city paved with gold, while they continue to murder him by a slow process and pocket the profits in order that they may furnish their own sty from Maples or Waring and Gillow.

Again, is it altogether untrue to say that the sty makes the pig? All honour to the Socialists who emphasize the unwelcome fact. Others say it too.

The Committee on Physical Deterioration said it ten years ago. Charles Booth said it twenty years ago. Indeed, Christ said it 1,900 years ago by His miracles, when He brought hope and more abundant life to the

mained and sick by healing them of their infirmities.

Can we dismiss the social problem by either of these two little aphorisms, when, according to the best authorities, one-third of all paupers are sick, one-third are destitute children, and one-quarter are widows, encumbered by young families, or certified lunatics, leaving only 9 per cent. of the total whose pauperism could be attributed to some obvious vice or defect, such as drunkenness, theft, laziness, etc.?

The "gloomy Dean" is wrongly named. There was a preacher once who cast a gloom over his congregation by suggesting that they should apply their religion to their daily lives. The Dean is much more likely to disperse the gloom which we Court chaplains are beginning to cast over the garish light of the West End drawing-rooms.

The War will alter all this, I hope. We hardly realize yet what it means to have discovered as a nation that we can spend millions a day on a national object about which we are all agreed. What an awakening there will be some day when we realize that poverty and sickness and slums and ignorance are national enemies at least as worthy of our steel as the Germans, and go out to meet them as one united body! This will be Socialism indeed.

Thomas Carlyle saw that day when he wrote these words :—

If we saw an army of 90,000 strong, maintained and fully equipped in continual real action and battle against human starvation, against chaos, necessity, stupidity, our real national enemies, what a business were it !

Socialism, I suppose, will have to change its name when it becomes fashionable, as undoubtedly it will ; but it matters not what we call it if we get the thing. The " thing " is national co-operation, real " national service," when all will contribute to the best national work and life.

But the old arguments with which we have met the attacks of the capitalist class will remain true. Nobody suffers more in the Socialist cause than a parson. He gets attacked on every side. The ordinary Christian holds up his hands in horror at the idea of a priest calling himself a Socialist, while the Socialists suspect the parson of not being the real thing. Many of us found it best to drop the name " Christian Socialist " because it gave people the idea that this was a special brand of Socialism, not quite orthodox from the I.L.P. or Fabian point of view. In fact, we once signed a manifesto to assure our " comrades " that we were real Socialists, and as my name, beginning with an " A," came

first in the list I got all the kicks. It was this manifesto which called forth from Lord Rosebery the famous declaration that "Socialism is the end of all faith." I replied that it was the beginning of mine. Lord Rosebery once came to Berkeley Chapel, and, as luck would have it, I had prepared a rather dull sermon on some very ecclesiastical subject. Who knows but I might have had some distinguished preferment if I had not chosen to preach that sermon, for, at least, it was not socialistic that time?

It is quite right for Christians to take note of and to criticize Socialism. When the Socialists come forward with a new set of schemes for material and economic reform we are bound to consider how they affect our schemes for the moral regeneration of society, how far we can work with them, whether they offend against recognized principles of Christianity, whether or not our Lord would approve them. But in doing this Christians should be careful not to mix up two distinct matters.

They must not deal with Socialism as if it were a new religion: nor must they put forward their own religion as if it were a political or economic scheme which is to rival Socialism in its own department. Let us be quite clear that Socialism is not a religion, a rival religion to Christianity. Its connection

with religious aspirations lies in the fact that it shows a way by which many of the ideals of Christianity may be stimulated and furthered in practical accomplishment. It is a help to Christians, not a substitute for Christianity. The first ignorant criticism made by Christians against Socialism is that it would employ force and compulsion where Christianity would trust to persuasion. It will not be made so often now that the War has shown us how necessary compulsion of some sort is. It is quite true that Socialism does trust to force and compulsion, but that is not peculiar to Socialism. It is the inevitable accompaniment of all efforts at State reform.

The advocate of Tariff Reform or the Referendum, the advocate of Sunday closing, equally with the advocate of Sunday opening, they all trust to force and compulsion—in other words, to the arm of the law. The Christian critics of Socialism do the same. The editors of the *Guardian* and the *Clarion*, who both agree about the desirability of conscription, unite also in their demand for compulsion. They none of them believe in the voluntary principle.

But does this make them anti-Christian? No, nothing of the kind. Christianity as a religion does not appeal to force. It has done so sometimes with disastrous results. But

normally it trusts to persuasion and education. It leaves the compulsory part of the business to the legislators and the officers of the State. So when Socialism comes along and advocates compulsion it is only doing what every statesman has been obliged to do.

Nobody accuses Lord Salisbury of being anti-Christian because he passed the Free Education Act, or Mr. Gladstone of being an infidel because he instituted Board Schools. Of course, if Christians by this anti-compulsion argument mean that Socialism must not be forced upon an unwilling nation, they are only repeating a truism which applies to the proposals of Tories and Liberals quite as much as to those of Socialists. In this respect, probably, Socialists are the least wedded to force of any political party. We do, as a matter of fact, take much more pains to educate people and persuade them to adopt our views willingly than any other State reformers do. If you compare the methods of the Primrose League with those of the Fabian Society, you will see this at once. There is plenty of compulsion about the former and very little about the latter. The Fabian Society has done its work by careful logical reasoning and persuasive education. The Church might even take a leaf out of its book, and instead of trying to force its own dogmas on an unwilling people

might take more pains to explain its principles to the ignorant.

Another objection made by earnest Christians to Socialism is that it is "contrary to human nature." What do they exactly mean by this? Do they mean that the competitive system has got such a hold upon men and women that it has become a part of their very nature, and that any attempt to get them to alter it is quixotic and absurd? It always seems to me that this objection sounds very faithless in the mouths of men and women who are pledged by their loyalty to Christ to believe in the redemption and regeneration of human nature. I can understand an atheist or a pessimistic sceptic throwing up the sponge and ridiculing the Socialists for talking about supplanting competition by co-operation or the present game of "beggar my neighbour" by an attempt at brotherhood. But for Christians to discount Socialism on this score is surely nothing less than treason to their own religion.

One is tempted to suspect that Christians have joined in the anti-socialistic cry about "human nature" because they are ashamed at the enthusiasm of Socialists when put side by side with their own apathy and failure. They are like the old prophet in Bethel, who was conscious of his own neglect of his oppor-

tunity of witness and covered his fault by bringing about the condemnation of the so-called "disobedient prophet," who was really more faithful to duty than himself. The "atheism" objection I have dealt with in another part of the book. Roughly speaking, it resolves itself into this: the anti-Socialists, knowing the tender feelings of John Bull on the subject of religion, and his passionate love for the Bible, which, of course, he diligently reads, and never puts under a glass case in a damp parlour, have very cleverly raised a scare that Socialism is atheism, in order to set John Bull against it. This they have been easily able to do by quoting snippets from German writers, many of them forty or fifty years old. But is there any movement that could not be shown to be very different from what it really is if such methods were employed? Where would twentieth-century science be if it were held to the opinions expressed by leaders of science in 1850? How would the *Church Times* like to be saddled with the opinions expressed by Bishops of the forties? Personally, I should not like Anglicanism to be judged by the stray opinions of Bishops of forty hours ago, let alone forty years.

Would it be fair to condemn Tariff Reformers because Disraeli said that Protection was not only dead but damned? Would it be gentle-

manlike to attribute to modern Liberals all the ideas of the Manchester School?

The "atheism" (so-called) of Socialists is nothing more than their protest against the narrow-minded and blind Pharisaism of the religious bodies, Protestant as well as Catholic, which has opposed them in every kind of way, chiefly for political reasons. Christians should pause and ask themselves whether the fault is not with the Church rather than with the Socialists. It was the Church which crucified Christ, and they called Him an atheist to begin with.

The latest form of the atheist scare is the organization by the aristocracy of a new kind of Sunday School to counteract the Socialist schools. I do not wish to defend all the things that have been taught in Socialist Sunday Schools, any more than I wish to defend all that has been taught in Church and Nonconformist ones, but I think the aristocracy would be better employed in organizing the religious education of their own children than in defeating the efforts of a few Socialists to supplement the very defective teaching on citizenship which is given in our schools. Let the rich Christians teach the Church Catechism, with its magnificent "duty towards my neighbour," to their own boys and girls. Perhaps they are afraid of the revolution which would

certainly result if their families believed it and carried it out. So with the "hostility to the Christian idea of marriage" which is supposed by some Christians to be wrapped up in Socialism. Here again Socialism is not to be held responsible for all that has been written and said on the subject by individual Socialists. Nor are the views held by some Socialists on marriage by any means confined to Socialists.

The Church has got to face the problem, whether Socialism succeeds or disappears. Very likely it will be found that the Church has got to stand out against the world in this thing, but "the world" will not mean the Socialists only. It will include, as it always has included, Tories and Liberals as well. Meantime it is well to note the hypocrisy of many rich Christians in this matter. They profess to be alarmed about the "family life," the "sacredness of the marriage tie," etc., while it is notorious that the breaking up of the family life and the debasing of fatherhood and motherhood in modern times, are much more due to lusts of the rich than to the opinions of a few Socialists. The same people who profess to be shocked at "eugenic" proposals are the people who wink at sin in their own families and still base their arrangements for "holy matrimony" on money qualifications,

and very often put considerations of "love" in the background and ignore all the teaching of modern science in regard to heredity. This kind of thing is the real atheism and it is not Socialist.

Socialists, as much as any, and more than most, are deeply concerned about the break-up of family life due to industrial causes. They have long ago declared war against slums and sweating, the two great enemies of the home. Our rich friends must get something better to say against us than that we want to wreck the family. We want to save it.

Socialism, again, is said to be likely to destroy the individual, to put a stop to initiative and independent thought and energy. This is quite a fair criticism for Christians to make as Christians. For Christianity is the religion of liberty for the individual. Christianity wants to save each man's soul alive. Christianity holds that each man counts for one and not more than one. Christianity tells each of us that he is made in the image of God, and that he can become a son of God. If Socialism is going to destroy this, then indeed Christians may well look askance at it.

But Socialism not only has no such intention, but rather believes that it holds the secret by which this destruction, which it sees going on

all around, can be averted. No doubt, in the days when Socialism was in its infancy and Communism was put forward as an ideal, it did look as if the triumph of Socialism might mean the destruction of the individual. Though even in those days John Stuart Mill said that under a communist régime a workman would be more free than under the slavery of the system of his day. The truth is that we no longer, if we are reasonable people, contrast Socialism and individualism as antithetical. All agree that the individual must be free, but all agree that a considerable amount of social control is necessary to preserve that freedom. It is simply a question of how much or how little control must the community have to keep its citizens free. Our experience of the reign of individualism leads us as Socialists to believe that the community must have more control, not because we want to destroy the individual, but, for precisely the opposite reason, because we want to save him. We too have learnt wisdom. We know that man is not a machine, and no modern Socialist wants to make him one. Our whole desire is to enlarge State interference and State control, solely for the purpose of developing the liberty and initiative of each man, to deliver him from the thralldom of the competitive system for private profit which is now choking the life out of

him—in a word, to enable him to become a man (which for us Christians means a son of God).

Under the present system the poor are not only poor, their lives are only half lives; they are stunted physically and morally; they are uneducated, deprived of true life. Half the world of art, poetry, literature, pleasure, games is shut out from them. This is the real problem of poverty. A poor man cannot live as God meant him to live.

Why do people think that Socialism is going to make this worse, and that the individual is going to be destroyed? "I believe in the life to come," we say in the Creed. Too many Christians, in despair at this very system, which Socialists want to break up and destroy for ever, have made that splendid, hopeful, faithful article of the Creed mean merely a future life after death. We believe, we poor "atheists," that that life might begin to arrive immediately.

Initiative—invention! Are they really stimulated by our present money-grabbing system? Are the poor in my parish really encouraged to initiate and invent by the fact that for a miserable weekly wage, which at any moment may be cut off at the whim of a foreman, they are to toil from morning to night in order to increase the dividends of unknown share-

holders, and enable the plutocracy to live in luxury?

And are the greatest of our modern inventors and artists men who work with a view to private profit? Does Sir Oliver Lodge think only of his prospects of a peerage when he spends his time in 'studying electrified agriculture or the diminution of fogs? Two of the greatest of modern inventors, Edison and Westinghouse, are, I have been told by those who know, men to whom money profit is a thing of little importance and always has been so.

Almost everything you have been told to believe about us by anti-Socialist dukes and country clergymen is the exact reverse of what we want or what we do. We don't want to share up equally. We don't want to make slaves of your children, but to set them free from conventionality and a miserable life. We don't want to break the ten commandments, but to help you to keep them. We don't want to abolish property, but to control the use of it for the good of the community. We do not see why twenty men (as at present) in America should control all the necessities of life. We think the millions, who are equally with them children of God, should be allowed to get their daily bread from the Father to whom they pray for it. We don't want to

eliminate God, but to reintroduce Him to you as the God of the Bible, and not of the upper classes, the God of Justice, the God of Love, the Lord of Hosts. We don't want to take away your Church, but to persuade you to use it for the purposes for which your Divine Master instituted it, to proclaim liberty to the captives, to set up the Kingdom of God on the earth. We don't want to deprive you of your Saviour, but to convince you that He is ready to save you now, and to suggest to you that if you want to appear before Him with confidence, it is time that you gave up serving Mammon and served God; time that you fed the hungry—the hungry rich as well as the hungry poor—the starving orphans of human society, deprived by our present competitive system of the eternal life God meant them all to have.

This is the sort of thing I have said to the Christians who seriously object to Socialism. I am afraid I am not so polite when I meet the merely political anti-Socialist. I offended the *Standard* once by suggesting that their attack on Socialism was not so much due to their anxiety for the Lord of Hosts as for "the hosts of lords."

But I should not like my readers to think that I am only a Socialist agitator. As a matter of fact I seldom attend Socialist meet-

ings now, and my chief work of that kind has always been in defending the Socialists against Christian attacks. I have always been attracted by the moral zeal of Socialists as compared with the apathy of the members of my own Church in furthering their own much more important propaganda. The Church is still very behindhand in applying Christianity to ordinary life. The mildest kinds of social reform (let alone Socialism) are still remote from the minds of our most devout Church people.

It is not so very long ago that a certain royal personage prevented my having a share in some needlework done for the poor because in her presence I had made the harmless remark that the people who worked least got most holidays.

Though I believe that many people are extraordinarily interested in religion, I cannot say that I think that the Church, as at present conducted, meets the needs of the most religiously minded of our countrymen. Many Church people still seem to imagine that to take an interest in social questions is to do something outside the religious sphere; that for the clergy to deal with them is to do unspiritual work; that if we are to mix ourselves up with them we must only do it as a sort of extra, like dancing or drawing at a girls'

school. This is, to my mind, a most ghastly mistake, and it is because those who are keen about these questions suspect the Church of holding this heresy that they pay so little attention to what we say or do in these matters. Once let the people feel that we look upon the solution of social problems as part and parcel of our religion, and they will listen to us, even if they do not agree with our solution.

When a certain great preacher came to address the clergy before a Mission in Birmingham, we were told by him that one result of the Mission would be the solution of some of our great social problems. This was received with applause, but one felt pretty sure at the time that no change whatever would take place in the principles upon which our municipal life is carried on; not a single slum would be demolished, not a single wage would be raised, not a single sweeter would cease to sweat. And so, I fear, it turned out. We had our Mission. We preached at the poor, and worried them into church in the good, old-fashioned way. We asked the rich as a great favour to subscribe to the printing expenses, but carefully avoided asking them about the condition of their souls or the conditions under which their employees were working, the wages they paid, the methods of their business. At least, if we did it was all kept

very quiet, while a good deal of noise was made about everything else.

This half-heartedness of the Church is what makes us despised and rejected of the working-man. This is an age of splendid social idealism; but the most splendid ideals are not the ideals of the average Churchman. Working-men, social reformers, women Suffragists, and such like are full of enthusiasm, and even fanaticism, while the bulk of the Church remains cold and time-serving. We may shrink from fanaticism, but it is very powerful. "The fanatically religious have been uniformly successful against those in whom religious fervour has been lukewarm."

These enthusiasts cannot understand us Church people. They know our Bible, they know what our principles are supposed to be, they hear us sing and talk *ad nauseam* of Justice, Brotherhood, Victory, a Kingdom, and all the rest of it; but they look in vain for a body of Christians bent on doing more than talk and sing. They hear our middle-class choirs shouting—

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee,

but they know that the devil does not turn a hair. They see us able to get up crowded meetings to scream against disendowment, at

which we naïvely confess that if our money is taken away we shall be crippled for life: they know that we are quite unable to gather our forces to demand justice or a living wage for the poor of Christ. They see us hand in glove with the classes of society about which our Lord said that it would be extremely difficult for such to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. They read our so-called "religious" newspapers, and find them, so far as politics are concerned, on the side which is usually opposed to most of their aspirations: they read the correspondence, and find us occupied with petty questions of ritual and ceremonial. If we do pass resolutions in Convocation or at a Diocesan Conference about a living wage or some such subject, they suspect that we shall not attempt to carry them out, and certainly, judging from the attitude of Church people during the labour unrest, they are not far wrong in their suspicions. We are eminently the Church of the classes, yet we do not help even them very much spiritually. We have very little to say, and very little that we can do, which is of any real assistance to the commercial man with a conscience who finds himself called upon day by day to do things in his business which cannot be squared with a loyal following of Christ. We are almost impotent to deal with the serious questions now arising in connection

with the law of marriage, the relation of the sexes, eugenics, and doubtful practices in connection with fatherhood and motherhood, and a host of matters in which people are looking to us for guidance. The Church seems to be kept as a sort of tame pet of the upper and middle classes, to be played with but not allowed to bark or bite.

I own I am a very bad hand at suggesting a remedy. At any rate, no remedy can be applied until we have learnt humility and entered upon a course of self-examination. We cannot be too optimistic about the Church, viewed as God's own society, but we can be much too optimistic about the Church of England as it is; we can be culpably blind, as the Pharisees were, declaring that we see while we are all the while seeing not. Instead of pluming ourselves on our big "men's meetings" which we sometimes manage to scrape together to listen to some popular apostle, we should reflect on the puny result in practical life of such meetings. Instead of parading our statistics of finance, we should meditate on our statistics of Confirmation and Communion, remembering that though we boast of being the National Church, only two and a half millions are communicants (about the same number as in James I's reign, when the population was seven times smaller).

Instead of talking of the successful ministry of Mr. This or the marvellous pulpit power of Mr. That, we should post ourselves outside some of the great factories at the dinner hour, and ask the parish priest how many of these hordes of men are in the slightest degree influenced by the presence of the Church in their midst.

If I felt that these crowds were really heathen, materialists, sodden with drink, blatant with atheism, I should not so much mind. But when one knows that they are many of them the best men in our parishes, sometimes a good deal more moral than our Church attendants and officers ; when one knows that many of them are full of grand ideals of justice and brotherhood and social betterment, and are doing twenty times as much to realize those ideals as some of our choir-men and sidesmen—when one knows this, and thinks of it, and prays about it, one feels that the proper place for the Church of England is the penitent form.

One of the indications of the unpractical character of Anglicanism is to be found in the great difficulty that we have in getting our Church people to be missionaries or evangelists. Salvationists and Socialists find no such difficulty. That is because they have a practical programme. Our people are not

shy. It is that we give them no material to propagate. They have acquired so little themselves that is of value to them in their ordinary life that they do not see that there is anything to hand on to any one else. A Socialist young man or a Suffragist young lady has something very definite to do immediately that the movement is joined.

I look forward to the day when the National Church may really be once more the Church of the nation; but this it will never be until it expresses the religious and idealistic aspirations of the nation. If, as Sir Leo Chiozza Money tells us, there are thirty-eight million uncomfortable people, and only five million comfortable ones, it stands to reason that the Church must not be content to be the Church of the small minority. Even of these five million, only a very few—perhaps one third—are, I suppose, interested in the Church at all.

I should like to ask what effect it must have on the masses when they see that while we deprecate interference in politics one day, we organize ferocious political meetings ourselves the next to defend our endowments; when they see that the only thing that ever appears to unite us in definite political action is a sense of injustice to the clergy.

If the Church is to get into touch with national life, it must be felt to be much more

concerned about national questions than about purely ecclesiastical ones. I do not agree with the Bishop who said he was in the House of Lords only to look after the Church. I am inclined to say that that is the least important part of his duty. He is there to influence the nation in a religious direction, not to guard his own particular ecclesiastical interests. I should like to see the Bishops initiating all kinds of social reform, apart altogether from their ecclesiastical bearings. The nation is sick of party strife and after the war would be glad not to return to it. The Bishops might propose all kinds of social legislation on its own merits. They might be the Labour Party of the House of Lords—a minority, but a very influential one. This would endear them to the nation. Gradually the nation would feel that there was a positive social propaganda distinctively associated with Churchmanship, independent of all parties.

I am not arguing that the Church should become Socialist, though I do think that, in proportion as we separate ourselves from the two great parties and take a line of our own, we shall probably tend to become so. The great cleavage will come in time between those who support the present system of capitalism, with its selfish profit-hunting, and those who

believe that some new system must be devised of collective ownership—at least in the necessities of life. I think that when Church people have learnt to view these things apart from party politics, and especially in connection with their religion, they will most of them agree with Bishop Gore that “we must identify ourselves with the positive ideals of socialistic thought.” The greatest social reforms of the last century were brought about by non-party Christians like Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury. Wilberforce registered an oath that he would never take office in the Cabinet, and Lord Shaftesbury declined to be labelled Radical or Tory. But this is a very different thing from having nothing to do with politics. I want the Church, just *because* it is non-party, to go into the thick of politics, for what are politics but national life itself?

The great stream of ordinary life is around us and about us, pushing forward with amazing energy—with its ideals and its enthusiasms, its mistakes and its sins, its victories and its failures—apart from the everyday religion of the Church.

We are afraid to take the lead. We have little or no spirit of martyrdom in us as Christians. For leaders and martyrs the nation has to look elsewhere.

I am well aware of the good side of Church

life, but to dwell on that takes our attention off the failures which stimulate us to repentance.

If we are ready to revise a good many of our opinions and methods, if we are ready to change, we shall live and live again. Otherwise we are dying or dead, for "to live is to change, and to have changed often."

There are two fundamental problems which have always seemed to me to need solution if the Church is to recover or retain its hold on the masses. The one is the problem of religious education, and the other that of Sunday.

Religious education is, unfortunately, the cause of a seemingly hopeless strife between Nonconformists and Churchmen.

It is made worse by the fact that the two kinds of schools have become rivals, and each party claims one set of schools as representing its ideals. Though at the moment we are, of course, too much occupied elsewhere even to quarrel, yet we shall some day be in for another controversy between religious educationists, and neither side seems to have learnt anything or to have any wish to end the quarrel by any sort of compromise.

Is it not possible for us to look at the whole question apart from the desires of individual Nonconformists to score off the Anglicans and

of Bishops off Dr. Clifford? Cannot Christians who presumably want their children to be nurtured in the admonition of the Lord ask themselves quite frankly if the present system in Council schools or in Church schools does really effect its object? Is there, in the first place, any great difference between Church school children and Council school children when it comes to religion? Would any Anglican clergy say that their Confirmation candidates come from Church schools rather than from Council schools? Would many Nonconformist ministers say that their children educated in Church schools have much leaning towards Anglicanism? I do not think so. Must we not all confess that the result in all cases, whether denominational or undenominational, is very meagre indeed? I doubt if the thing is worth fighting about.

On the other hand, I believe there is something much more worth fighting about, and it is the kind of Bible teaching we have in all schools, especially the undenominational ones. The Nonconformists cling to the Cowper-Temple clause and worship it as a sort of fetish, but does it really secure "simple Bible teaching"? It is a curious fact that Liberals in politics are in this matter of religious teaching the most conservative of Conservatives. While the Tory Church schools are issuing

diocesan syllabuses full of advanced views of the Bible, the Council schools still go on reading the Bible without comment, and perpetuating all the heresies of verbal inspiration. In the Church schools we are free to explain the Bible; we can appeal to the imagination of a child, tell him that he actually belongs to the society about which he reads in the Acts of the Apostles, and that the Sacraments are still in operation in the parish church; we can tell him that Moses and Joseph may be reappearing on the stage of history in the forms of Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour; that even Isaiah and John the Baptist might emerge in a Tolstoy or a Ruskin; that the events which led to the Exodus were something like the strikes in which their parents are engaged, and that there was a "smart set" even in Jerusalem two thousand years ago.

It is a denominational school which best can bring religion and modern life together, and it is only thus that religion can live for children or grown-up people either. Meanwhile, in the real National schools, the Council schools, Tom, Dick and Harry, Mary and Kerenhappuck, are only allowed to read the Bible verse by verse (and very badly they read it too!). No explanation is allowed. It is "the Bible as literature." But why, if it is only literature, keep to it alone? Why not

have Shakespeare or Bernard Shaw? Why not? Not only is this not Christian instruction or education; it is the inculcation of a bad religion. It is not true that "undenominationalism is a new religion." It is the consolidation of an old and discredited one.

It is the foundation of atheism. Were I a rationalist, I would work hard for the establishment of Cowper-Templeism, as it is, to be permanently taught in all schools. It is the breeding process of the hopelessly conservative view of the Bible which permeates the working classes. I have sometimes asked a school-boy at the end of a week what he has learned during the past five days at the "Scripture lesson." "One day we had a hymn, another day we learned a psalm, another day we learned about Moses' wife." That is a typical answer. Whatever it is, it is not the Christian religion.

Do I, then, plead for the establishment of Church schools everywhere? Certainly not. Do I plead for "secular schools"? No, I do not think we need come to that yet, though I very much object to calling it "atheism" to believe in them. A "secular" school would be one where there is no "religious instruction"; it would not be positively secularist; it might be even more religious than a Cowper-Temple school. What I plead for is one more

attempt to make "Cowper-Templeism" effective. It is quite certain that the State will never agree to the establishment of more State-paid denominational schools. Right of entry may possibly be granted, but it is doubtful. On the other hand, it is certain that for a long time to come the bulk of the nation will be educated under the Cowper-Temple restriction. Let us make the best of it. Let us entirely overhaul the religious instruction as given in the Council schools. Let the State take into its counsels, or, better still, depute the settlement of a common religious syllabus to, a body of leaders of spiritual thought. If the Bishops refuse to take part in this, so much the worse for them. Let this body not be confined to ordained ministers, but only to Christians, laymen and clergy, parish priests and Bible students. Such a set of persons ought to be able to agree upon certain fundamental truths with which it is desirable for children to be acquainted.

Cowper-Templeism is only dry and stupid because we are afraid of each other. We are not trying to agree. On nearly all the vital points we do agree, and there is no reason why we should not tell our children so. Is the whole thing to be wrecked because on certain points we disagree? I see no reason why, with a foundation such as a revised and

improved Cowper-Templeism might secure, we could not go on in our various churches and chapels to give that distinctive teaching which would cause the children to adhere to the denominations which we think desirable.

But the great advantage that would ultimately accrue would be the gradual awakening of the whole nation to a new and fruitful view of the Bible. At present the very elements of religion (and even of morality) are becoming less and less known to exist by the majority of those "educated" in our schools. Denominationalists should ask themselves very seriously if their bolstering up of Church schools and their clamour for right of entry does really make for an increase of this elemental knowledge in the bulk of the children.

Undenominationalists should ask themselves equally seriously if the present Cowper-Temple system does produce anything worth production. All should ask themselves whether this continual quarrelling can result in any good whatever to the children themselves.

Were not people like Archbishop Temple wise in their generation when they spoke of a "slippery slope," and are we not sliding miserably down it, while our opponents imagine they are winning, but really are only fastening

upon the schools something even more futile than we have ever had before? I do not say that a revised Cowper-Templeism is the only way, but it seems to me better than anything we are likely to get from our present controversy, whichever side is successful.

I have not dealt with Sunday Schools and Catechisms because I think that the question of what is taught in the day schools is the more important. In the first place, only a small minority of children come to school on Sunday, and, in the second place, it is in the day school that the general impression is given which for better or for worse will give the mass of children the idea of religion which will haunt them all their lives.

And this brings me to my second problem, the problem of Sunday. Again, for better or worse, it is the Sunday which represents to most people their idea of religion. Personally, I think our British Sunday gives a very bad idea to the world of what Christians are aiming at, and though I do not, of course, want all the features of the continental Sunday reproduced in this country, I do think it is worth while giving it a dispassionate consideration. I think we must confess that, with all our enthusiasm for the British Sunday and our contempt for that of our neighbours, we have not succeeded in doing anything very much

better than they in securing one day's rest in seven.

And first, of our own Sunday. Is it not time that we more frankly allowed that the old-fashioned Sabbatarian argument will not hold water? Can these statements be denied? (1) That, historically speaking, the Christian Sunday is not the same as the Jewish Sabbath; (2) that our Lord's attitude towards the Sabbath was revolutionary, in the sense that He went against the religious view of His day, which is the view that modern Sabbatarians want to rehabilitate and fasten on to the Christian Sunday; (3) that St. Paul knew nothing of a Christian Sabbath on the first day of the week; (4) that the "first day of the week" was a day of joy and worship, and had no connection with the Sabbath; (5) that even when Constantine, in the fourth century, combined the Mithra Festival and the Christian Lord's Day and decreed a holiday, he did not forbid some work, and therefore was not reconstituting the Sabbath; (6) that the first Reformers were opposed to making Sunday a Sabbath, as savouring of Judaism.

If all this is allowed, we are enabled to start afresh in modern times to make our Sunday useful and health-giving. We can take what we like in the Sabbatarian idea and leave what we do not like, without any sense of

disobedience to Divine law. We can get at the spirit without being at pains to attain uniformity in the letter. Catholics can insist on their Mass, Protestants on something else, while secularists and all can agree in securing a seventh-day rest. Peace will never come so long as Christians try to force a law which they think is Divine upon people who either suspect that the law is not Divine or reject the God whose law it is supposed to be. We all agree that we want a weekly rest. Why should we quarrel over the particular day, and why should we try to coerce our fellows in the name of religion? We do not dream of doing this about any other religious duty, not even about religious duties the sanction for which is undoubted. Why should we choose the one religious practice the sanction for which is extremely doubtful, and impose it on others? I know that it is argued that the Sabbatarian idea of Sunday is the only bit of religion left in many cases, and that it would be perilous to disturb it. But does any good ever come from obscurantism? Have we any right to deceive ignorant people and make sad those whom the Lord has not made sad? This we do if we transfer the restrictions of the Hebrew Sabbath to the Christian Sunday. Of course it is right to be very tender with old-established prejudices, and, as Robertson of Brighton

pointed out long ago, it would be as wrong to ride roughshod over a Scotsman's feelings about Sunday as it would be to do the same over an Italian peasant's "Mariolatry." But there is no need to ride roughshod over anybody. We want liberty and common sense. We need to learn from all quarters in this as in everything else.

And this brings me to the continental Sunday. I am not going to argue for the imposition of the French Sunday or the German Sunday upon English people, but I do believe that we can learn from them in some directions how to improve our own. In the first place, we should leave off making wholesale condemnations. We should divide the subject of our criticism, and know exactly what it is we are judging at one particular time. For example, to compare the Sunday morning of the Grand Prix with the same morning at St. Paul's Cathedral is no more fair than to compare the Oberammergau Passion Play with the Brick Lane Bird Market. If we compare the church-going public of Paris with the church-going public of London, I think the balance weighs in favour of the former. If we compare the occupation of the French, German, and Belgian townspeople between church hours with the occupation of the Scottish people at the same time, I should say

again that the foreigners have my vote. I once spent a Sunday in France with ordinary middle-class and working people, and it compared very favourably with the many Sundays I have spent under similar circumstances in Birmingham. We all went to Mass in the morning. In a truly Christian way I was offered the *Pain bénit*, though a Protestant. After church some of the men sat at a committee to deal with sick and poor relief, while the boys went to their club and played games. In the afternoon there was a fête at the neighbouring town, and everybody seemed to be thoroughly happy. No doubt many of them went to Vespers or Benediction in the evening, though I could not say.

Now, what happens in England under the same conditions? In the morning probably nothing happens, for these kinds of people are in bed, if Britons. But, granting they get up for an "early morning school" or Matins, is their worship as much like what we read of in the Acts as that of my French friends? It is more likely that they go to an evening service only. All the rest of the day is spent in hanging about dull and empty streets. There are no amusements, scarcely any music, no *cafés*. The only objection to these things is the Sabbatarian objection that some Divine law would be infringed if they were open, and

this, as we have seen, is very doubtful. Would it not be much better for all parties if we agreed to drop the religious argument and to adopt the purely philanthropic one, that the "Sabbath was made for man"? Let us all combine on the securing of one day's rest in seven for every worker. By this means we are much more likely to secure liberty for the Christian to keep a good Sunday, and at the same time we shall not be irritating the secularists by trying to impose upon them a law which they see no reason for obeying.

The secularists have surely as much right to have their opinions respected as the Moham-medans or the Jews under British rule. We do not interfere with these in India or in London. This does not mean that all Sunday restrictions are to be done away with. It means that we should approach the subject as citizens first, sympathizing with the prejudices of all parties, and fastening on the points where we all agree, rather than endeavouring to force our own point of view as Christians on the masses who are not so. We must do this quite openly and honestly, not trying to squeeze in a little Christianity mixed up with philanthropy and statecraft, or trying to capture the secularist by pretending to believe in a seventh-day rest for his body, while secretly we want to run him into our Bethels by

shutting up all other doors but these. Above all, let us avoid that cant about "charity," which concedes the Sunday cinematograph, provided the proceeds are given to us. If it is wrong to have picture shows on Sunday, it is wrong, whatever the financial object. It is not really wrong; but we have not the courage to say so.

Now, if we will treat the subject as citizens, we shall soon find the way clear to benefiting all alike, whether Christians or not. This is the policy of our continental brethren, and the result is most satisfactory to all parties. They begin by recognizing facts. It would be perfectly useless to try to shut up the restaurants or all the places of amusement on Sundays. They therefore devote their energies to reforms in regard to opening other shops or factories. But even here they are not in too much of a hurry, and they insist on the one day a week before attempting to make it necessarily Sunday. At the same time, having regard to the religious people, they do secure time for church-going to a very large number of people. This is the important point: it is "church-going" they want to protect, and not Sunday idleness. And here, too, the Roman Catholic authorities are sensible in recognizing facts. They make arrangements by which those occupied on Sunday mornings

can fulfil their religious obligations in the week, or can have them modified during busy seasons. Another thing to be noticed is this. The Sunday closing laws are no more "Sabbatarian" in Protestant countries than in Catholic ones. In fact, there are, so far as I can see, more restrictions in Paris than in Berlin. But in all of these cities there is an elasticity and a common sense that is most refreshing, and, what is best of all, practically succeeds in securing to the hard-worked man more rest than he gets in England. Of course, when I say "rest" in this connection I do not mean "doing nothing." I take the essence of rest to consist in "change."

I have only given here a few of my opinions for what they are worth. I have tried not to "sermonize," but I am afraid the reader will think I have done so. Let us now get out of church as quickly as is our wont and go to the church parade or the Sunday luncheon, at which we can indulge in a few gossiping stories, harmless, I hope, but calculated to take the taste of the pulpit out of our mouths which this miserable parson, in spite of his attempts to be "human," as he calls it, cannot avoid imparting.

VI

CHESTNUTS

War anecdotes—Bishop Billing—Bishop Blomfield's wit—Father Noel—Father Stanton—Extempore effusions—Unconscious humour—Funny mistakes—Pulpit stories—Irish chestnuts—Whately and Trench—Irish and Scottish stories—American wit—Prayer Book chestnuts.

IF anybody reads this book, it will only be for the stories, and not because they are interested in the author. I wish most regretfully that I had kept a diary since boyhood, or at least a "commonplace book," in which to place all the stories I have heard. As it is, I can only jot down a few, mostly "chestnuts" (of none of which do I vouch for the literal truth).

The War will no doubt render a good crop of stories. At the moment I can only remember three. One is that of the parson who scared a company of Belgian wounded by saying pathetically to them on parting, "Que Dieu vous *blesse* " !

Another parson, arguing on the merits of

French and English Red Cross work, and wishing to tell a French lady that we went in for female nursing more than her compatriots did, said, "Dans nos hôpitaux nous avons un grand nombre de *nourrices*." The lady was surprised to hear that the Tommies needed wet-nurses!

I have also heard of an officer who went out marketing for the mess. He procured his *poulets*, his *légumes*, etc., but spoiled his reputation at the end by remarking to the demoiselle behind the counter, "Vous savez, c'est pour la Messe." Her conception of the ways of the Church of England must have thenceforth been even stranger than is common among French Catholics.

The East End Church abounds with stories about various Bishops and others. Bishop Billing was a rough diamond with a good wit. Complaints were made to him of one of his mendicant clergy who was always appealing for funds for imaginary poor, and was said to be not very particular in keeping accounts. "I am afraid, my lord, he has been so long in East London that he has really gone a little off his head." The Bishop replied: "If I gave a man a shilling and he gave me tenpence change one day, and then on another day I gave him a shilling and he gave me fifteenpence change, I should think he might be off

his head ; but if he *always* gave me eleven-pence change I should think he was rather cute ! ”

Billing was supposed to be an “ Evangelical,” but he disliked his party, and, in fact, all parties. It was once proposed that a celebrated preacher should take a retreat for clergy. Somebody suggested that he was not quite Evangelical enough for the purpose. “ Well,” said Billing, “ he has written a book to show that he’s right and everybody else is wrong, and if that’s not ‘ Evangelical ’ I don’t know what is ! ”

Sometimes he went a little too far. He was in the chair at a large meeting of East End people, and he was calling upon a very prim little bachelor don to speak. “ Now I am going to ask Sir — to speak. I tell you what *he* wants. He wants a wife to scrub up for him.”

Afterwards a working-man remarked, “ As for that there Bishop, he was simply *hobscene* ! ”

I remember Billing being in a hurry once at a Confirmation and getting so anxious for the candidates to come up quickly that he began, “ Defend, O Lord,” etc., when there was nobody kneeling under him, and he nearly fell forward. It was a case of “ laying hands suddenly on no man.”

The converse of this story is that of the parson who saw Father Ignatius kneeling at the altar-rail in the very full monk's robe he always wore, and, thinking he was a woman who had come to be churched, began the service of Churching of Women!

The wittiest Bishop I ever met was Bishop Blomfield, of Colchester. He was, I believe, the originator of the *bon mot*, "He never uses one word where five will do" (said of a popular preacher); also of the following: A parson was accused of having kissed his stole. The Bishop looked very serious, and said, "Of course if he had stolen a kiss I should have known what to do." This sort of joke is very difficult to make offhand.

Another good one of the same kind is the old American lady's answer to the drain-mender, who objected to the very strong language she used to him to make him get on with his work. He said at last, "Look here, ma'am, if you go on like this, I shall sue you for damage." Not at all abashed, she replied at once, "Then I shall damn you for sewage."

Another of Bishop Blomfield's is also good. At a garden-party several clergy, coming in, I suppose, hot and dusty from the surrounding villages, looked a bit grimy. "I never knew before," said the Bishop, "what it meant when

the clergy are said to have their glebe on their hands ! ”

It is not becoming for a clergyman to use strong language in print, so I am precluded from telling some of my best stories here. There are one or two, however, which I can give with a blank to be filled up by the reader according to his taste.

For instance, I heard of a Radical carpet-bagger who appeared as a parliamentary candidate to fight one of the Rothschilds in their own county. After telling the audience the wonderful things the Radical Party would do for them, he concluded with the question, “ And what does Mr. Rothschild do for you ? ” “ Keeps the — lot of us,” said a Voice in the corner.

The “ Voice ” is sometimes rather trying to a platform orator. I remember an old and rich Evangelical M.P. at a very moderate Social Reform meeting, labouring to show us that while Socialism compelled, Christianity persuaded. After denouncing Socialism he asked pathetically, “ And what does Christianity say ? ” “ Sell all thou hast and give to the poor,” said the Voice.

A Protestant lecturer came to a remote village to warn the rustics against their Vicar, who “ carried lights and used incense.” A yokel soon demolished him by saying,

“The wise vargins carried lights and the wise men used incense: and how can you know better nor they, being that you are only a — fool!”

Father Noel of St. Barnabas, Oxford, has also been credited with the wise virgins and the wise men repartee, though of course he did not put it in quite the same vigorous way, thus: “The wise men offered incense and the wise virgins carried lights. So we’re all to be fools now!” He had a rare wit, and his children’s services at Oxford were attended by grown-ups for the mere pleasure of listening to him. He was always good-humoured in his scores off Protestants.

When the inquiry was made as to whether there was a confessional box at St. Barnabas, he replied: “No; we have the pill here without the box!”

Once they were decorating St. Barnabas and a melancholy gentleman looked in. Noel went up to him, and said: “Do you want to make your confession?” “No, indeed,” he replied, “I have no sins.” Noel, with a twinkle in his eye, asked him if he would mind going up the ladder to help them put up a wreath. He complied, and when he was “high and lifted up,” Noel called his faithful people round him, and pointed up, saying, “Look there! here’s a wonderful thing! That’s a gentleman who’s got no sins.”

At an E.C.U. meeting in Oxford years ago, in the midst of our quarrels about the eastward position, Noel made a speech, in which he said: "When the Bible says the trumpeter trumpeted before Moses it doesn't mean that he trumpeted at the north end of Moses!"

Naturally he was a great believer in the Mass as the chief service of the day, and made a good deal of the old terms Christ-mass and Michael-mass. "You never heard, did you, of 'Christ-matins' or 'Michael-Morning Prayer?'" He could not abide "Table Prayers" or the Liturgy without the Consecration. "Look here," he said, "I shall give you a dose of it one day to see how you like it. You shall begin with a baptism without a baby, go on with a wedding without a bride, and end up with a funeral without a corpse!"

Oddly enough, it is this latter, viz. a Requiem around an empty catafalque, to which some people also object. Father Stanton said of them once: "Some people are never content. They must have a corpse even on All *Souls* Day!"

Stories of Father Stanton are very numerous, and I don't think I am the best person to attempt to collate them. One or two chestnuts, perhaps, may be allowed. There is one about the Archdeacon who visited St. Albans and asked if the statue of the Madonna had

miraculous properties. "If you put down half-a-crown," said Stanton, "I daresay she'd wink!"

This reminds me of the Evangelical lady who was told that the Wilberforce family were going over to Rome, and that Samuel would be the next. "Isn't it dreadful," said her informant, "that the Bishop should join a corrupt Church, with its talking idols and its winking Madonnas!" "'M," said the old lady, "if Sam gives up his bishopric, I should think the Virgin would indeed wink!"

Many of the "Soapy Sam" stories were told of former Bishops and are now being told of modern ones. There is one, however, which really belongs to him. He was addressing a meeting, and I suppose he coughed or cleared his throat in the midst of his speech. "Try Thorley's food for cattle," said a Voice. "Thank you," said the Bishop, "it may be good for asses, but it does not suit Samuel Oxon.!"

I think it was he also who, when his audience "hissed," said, "Remember, gentlemen, that is not an exclusively *human* utterance."

Stanton's wit shone out in his sermons, and he was one of the few people who could make a really good joke, and yet recall the congregation in a moment to seriousness. He was never irreverent, and only a boor without any

sense of humour could ever have been offended by him.

Preaching on, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims," he once began his sermon, "Did you ever hear of an established stranger or an endowed pilgrim?"

After the Archbishop's decision against incense he gave out as his text, "The angel stood with a live censer in his hand," and remarked that it was fortunate for the angel that he did not belong to the provinces of Canterbury or York. To a lady who remonstrated with him on the use of the "Hail, Mary," he said, "You must blame Luke i. 28, not me."

One feels inclined to reply to the Bishop who calls it an "evil practice" to make the Holy Communion the principal service of Sunday, "My lord, you must blame Acts xx. 7."

In a rich church where Stanton was preaching a course of sermons he said: "Last week when I came into church I asked myself, 'Where are the poor?' but when I looked at the collection in the vestry afterwards, I said, 'Where are the rich?'"

He was once, perhaps, rather naughty in the pulpit. He arrived very late, and the unfortunate Vicar had already given out and the choir had sung several hymns. "I am so

sorry," said Stanton ; " the truth is, I went out to tea and they had shrimps ! " In the vestry afterwards the Vicar remonstrated, but Stanton, not at all abashed, said, " My dear fellow, if I had thought you minded I would have made it winkles ! " This also was rather unkind if true. He was hauled before the then Bishop of London for taking some boys to a music-hall or theatre. " I could not help asking myself," said the Bishop, " would the Master have done this ? " Stanton replied : " My lord, I was walking in Piccadilly the other day, and I saw a very grand equipage with a coachman in a wig and footmen behind, and there was a Bishop inside. I could not help thinking to myself, ' Would the Master have done this ? ' " I think one of the most amusing passages I ever heard in a Stanton sermon was in one he preached for the C.S.U. at Lombard Street. He was preaching on the golden calf and how Aaron so naïvely explained that he could not help it : " Out came this calf." Then Stanton described the poor father who bestowed so much labour on the education of his son. He sends him to Eton, then to Oxford, he joins the C.S.U., etc. etc., and at the end of it all " Out comes this calf ! "

I hope none of my brother clergy will try to reproduce this in the pulpit. I am quite sure it will be a failure if they do.

To return to Father Noel. I should not like any one to think that his wit is always directed against the Protestants. He is quite as caustic about his own side. He told us once that we had better not keep the Feast of the Assumption because "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, devised of his own heart the feast on the fifteenth day of the eighth month" (August 15th.).

So again, when he came away from a Catholic procession in honour of the relic of St. John the Baptist's head (of which I believe there is more than one in Europe), he said: "These people have got no sense of humour. Seventy people in vestments doing honour to St. John's head—how they got it away from Herodias I can't think!"

Some extreme Protestants, too, will tell you good tales of their own school of thought. Many odd things have been narrated about extempore prayers. "The finest prayer ever delivered to a Boston audience" is, of course, a classic. These are becoming so: "Paradoxical as it may appear to Thee, O Lord"; "For this, O Lord, is the correct reading of the passage"; "O Almighty God, very wonderful are the proofs of Thine existence." This, perhaps, is the best: "O Lord, let us hang together in perfect accord, in perfect concord, without discord" (A Voice, "Any cord'll

do!"). Or this: "If there be a spark of holiness, here, Lord, water that spark"!

It seems a little cruel to repeat these yarns, but they may catch the eye of the extemporizer and make him more careful. However effective some extempore prayers may be (and they are so in a Mission), the majority of such effusions does make one return with grateful delight to the peace and majesty of the Book of Common Prayer. Even when our Bishops have time to think out a prayer they make a terrible mess of it, as is witnessed by the public prayers authorized from time to time.

The late Dr. Bright and the present Dean of Wells are among the few good prayer-makers of modern times. I felt very much honoured when, during the coal strike, the Archbishops (though without acknowledgment) stole some of my own compositions from a little book called "Social Prayers."

Pulpit wit is sometimes, of course, unconscious, as when the old parson, after delivering fourteen periods to a rapidly decreasing congregation of rustics, looked up from his MS. and said, "And here I fancy I hear some one say, 'You have Tertullian against you.'"

Or when the nervous Vicar, bent on introducing a moderate ceremonial in a hitherto very Protestant Church, said, "Dear friends,

you will perceive that we have a new Litany Desk. We must go quietly, dear people. *Rome*, you know, was not built in a day!"

Another clergyman gave out a notice that the preachers for Lent would be found in the font. Remonstrated with on the following Sunday he amended his notice by saying, "The preachers for Lent will be found hanging in the porch."

Foreigners preaching in English have made some odd mistakes, as, for example, the priest, who, cataloguing our spiritual enemies, said, "We have ze Devil, ze World, and ze Meat," and described the great division at the Last Day as "On ze one side ze Muttons and on ze other ze Stags."

A similar mistake was made by some good monks in Italy, who put up a notice outside a church to attract the British visitors thus:

"Brothers of Charity (so-called) ask Slender Arms for their Hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases and have no respect for Religion."

The Protestant reporter still continues to amuse the High Church circles with his stories of thurifers hanging from the roof, and clergy practising unblushing celibacy in the open street, and the beardless curate who entered the church in a cuticle. That humble piece of Church decoration called an "antependium"

was thought to be a piece of popery at Saltley, and was designated an "antelope."

A Cowley Father carrying a small pyx was greeted with, "Garn, you old confessional box!" He might have defended himself like the gentleman in Marryat's novel by saying, "Yes, but it's such a little one!" Mistakes about the nature of the sacrament of Penance are very common. Perhaps the most startling was that made by the working-man who, looking at the picture called "Renunciation," said he was not surprised that there was "all this talk about abolishing the confessional."

Ritualistic-looking people can walk more or less unmolested in the street now. It was not always so. The veils of the nuns at St. Alphege, Southwark, used to be torn off by the angry mob. Monks who ventured out were insulted. Now the reception of queer-looking parsons is very mild. "Charley's aunt, still running!" used to be a favourite joke directed towards a cassock. It was rather fun to take this seriously, and say, "Yes, I believe it has reached its five thousandth night. Isn't Penley splendid?" I was once eyed up and down by a Protestant at a railway-station, so I asked him if he was suffering from stomach-ache!

Stanton was famous for taking these things seriously, which also reminds me of Liddon, who, when offered a handbill about "Cherry

Blossom" or "Chiropody," would stop and say very gravely, "Thank you, sir; thank you very much indeed."

I was taken by surprise once in East London. I was walking along pensively, as is my wont, when I suddenly heard an old woman say: "Hold your head up! You are always looking down like a — Puseyite!" It is curious how long the term "Puseyite" has lasted in the poor parts of London. The Sisters who sold refreshments at the Docks were always called the "Puseyites," without any disrespect. I suspect this was a relic of the old days of riots at St. George's in the East. Thereby hangs a tale. Sunday by Sunday riots took place at St. George's because of the surplice in the pulpit. One day an unfortunate parson with a beard turned up to preach. He had no sooner ascended the pulpit than some one remarked in a clear voice, "Nanny-goat!" Order was restored, and the gentleman began, "My text is taken from —" Again the quiet remark, "Nanny-goat!" "My text is taken from——" This time a good deal louder, "Nanny-goat!" Then the fun began, and the usual shower of hassocks and prayer books fell upon the poor man's head, and nobody ever heard from where his text came.

Perhaps it was also at St. George's where another "cruel" preacher (as they used to

call us in Poplar) began: "My text is from the Book of Job. Job was a very patient man. Job was—was—a very—patient man." And that was the whole of the sermon. He would have been very popular at a parade service, where the officers click their watches after the preacher has gone on a certain time.

Pulpit-fright must be worse than stage-fright. There is nobody to help you out or off. The most painful scene I ever witnessed was when a young curate, not from fright but from sheer spiritual emotion, on Good Friday burst into tears while preaching. Yet I am not sure that those tears did not prove in the end more effective than any sermon on such a theme.

Here is another pulpit story (which, like many myths, has changed its venue more than once). An American tourist one Sunday in Dublin, having nothing to do, took the suggestion of the hotel porter and went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the singing is good. He endured a somewhat dull sermon on "Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." In the afternoon he was advised to go to Christ Church Cathedral, and was disgusted to find the same dull preacher and the same dry text. He was leaving for Cork that evening, and got into his train at Kingsbridge terminus, near which is the chapel of the Royal Hospital. The

bell of the chapel was sounding for Evensong. As luck would have it the worthy preacher got into the same compartment as the Yankee, and remarked, "I wonder why that bell is tolling." The American replied, "Well, I guess Peter's wife's mother has died at last!"

Irish chestnuts abound, and I must apologize if the following are too rotten for the reader's consumption. I have already mentioned Archbishop Whately, of whom stories are told which were later on transmitted to Archbishop Trench, Archbishop Temple, and Bishop Wordsworth. Soon they will belong to Bishop Ingram. It was Whately who was gently feeding the ducks in St. Stephen's Green. "Look at the Archbishop," said an old Irish woman. "Ah!" said her companion; "but it's the dear, dacent old gintleman feeding the birds." "Sure, it's the Protestant Archbishop," said the first. "The silly old fool!" immediately retorted the companion.

On the other hand, it was Trench who, seeing a little girl trying to reach a door-knocker, came to her assistance. "Rap hard!" said the little innocent. He did so. "Now, run like the very divil!"

Trench was said to be very absent-minded. After he had ceased to be Archbishop he dined one day with his successor at his old palace. Contemplating a half-cooked chop, he re-

marked to his wife, "Really, my dear, this dinner's uneatable; you must put down the cook as another of your failures."

Perhaps a worse case of absent-mindedness was that of old Canon Evans (I think), of Durham, who, after leaving his stall to ascend the pulpit, forgot he was going to preach, and walked out of the cathedral back to his study.

Trench always feared paralysis, and kept probing his knee at dinner, saying, "It's come at last, I am afraid." "It's *my* knee," said the lady next to him. Mythologists would say that this is the original of Dr. Spooner and his bread. "My bread, I think" (sticking his fork into something). "No, my hand," said the lady.

I am not going to indulge in "Spoonerisms," of which I verily believe "Kinkering kongs" is the only true one. That was current in 1884, since which I do not think the good man has ever been guilty of another.

A Bishop in the West of Ireland, visiting his diocese, asked the children in the school if they could explain the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony. One boy replied: "Yes, Father, it is a period of suffering and torment man has to go through to prepare for a higher life." "You stupid boy!" said Father Tom, the parish priest; "that will be Purgatory

you're describing." "Never mind," said the Bishop; "we cannot tell; the boy may be right."

This reminds us of Eliza, who held communications with her departed husband thus: "Are you 'appy, 'Enery?" "Very 'appy, Eliza." "'Appier than you were on earth, 'Enery?" "Far 'appier, Eliza." "Then you must be in 'eaven, 'Enery?" "No, Eliza!"

Some one wanting to condole with a lady who had lost her husband made use of the usual conventional expressions about "a better place." "Yes," she said, "and to think that he who was always telling me to go to the devil should have gone first himself, after all!"

Was it not the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman who gave that smart repartee to a constituent at a meeting who called out, "I'd rather vote for the devil than for you!" "I am afraid, sir, your friend is not one of the candidates."

"Bridget" is responsible for a great many anecdotes. The Editor of *Tit Bits* should adopt St. Bridget as his patroness. "Your breakages this week," said the mistress, "come to more than all your wages put together! What is to be done?" "I can't think, mum," said Bridget, "unless you raise my wages."

It was Bridget (or possibly Jane), brought up in an artist's family, who asked her mistress

if the potatoes were to be done in their jackets or in the nude!

I do not know by what name the negress Bridgets in Jamaica are called, unless 'it is "Chloe," but one of them had been instructed by her mistress to bring the sherry and claret round during dinner and to keep the "superior claret" for dessert. Dismay covered every face except Chloe's when she went round, saying, "Which will you have, sharry wine or infeerior claret?"

The celebrated Father Healy was, of course, a prince of Irish wit, and his Life abounds in good stories. There is one rather nice one which I remember. He was devoutly saying his office on a 'bus. A Protestant, of the type of those who send me anonymous letters, said in a loud voice, "When I pray I enter into my chamber and pray to my Father in secret!" Healy, without looking up, said, "And then I get up on the top of an omnibus and tell everybody I have done it!"

When he was a little boy he tells us that his mother before beating him would say the famous Collect which English people know as "Prevent us, O Lord!" The boy used to pray fervently that God would hear her prayer!

Roman Catholics seem to have the whip-hand over Protestants when it comes to repartee. We have all heard of the English

ladies leaving Ireland for Wales and congratulating each other that there would not be so many Roman Catholics there. "Madam," said the landlady, "if you go to hell, ye'll not be coming across any Irish there at all."

Another Irish woman, looking for a tip, began showering blessings on a gentleman thus, "May the blessing of God follow you all the world over." Then when she saw that the tip was not forthcoming she completed the sentence thus, "And may it never overtake yer!"

The Irish, too, seem to come off best when stories are told of them in comparison with the English and Scottish. There is the famous tale of the mutual friend of an Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman, who enjoined each of them to bury £5 in his grave with him. The Englishman placed a five-pound note on the coffin, the Irishman placed five sovereigns, but the Scotsman wrote a cheque for fifteen pounds and collared the change.

So, again, three men from the three countries were pitched out of a railway-carriage in an accident. The Irishman thanked God and the Blessed Virgin that his life was saved; the Englishman went back to see if he had left anything in the carriage; the Scotsman went back to see if any one else had left anything!

Before leaving the Roman Catholics we

might repeat the old story of the young man who was divided between his love for Isabella and Maria. Asking the priest for advice, he was told to go and pray in the church at Our Lady's shrine. His doubts were dispelled, for lo ! on the wall it was written " Ave Maria " !

It is curious that Mr. Gladstone used to doubt the wit and humour of the American. But there was one story, which he thought saved their reputation—namely, that of the Yankee who when asked how far it was to a certain place said: " I guess, if you go the way you're going it's about twenty-four thousand miles, but if you turn round and go the other way it's about five hundred yards ! "

But the G.O.M. should have kept his eyes and ears open. This, surely, is much funnier. A Chicago man and a St. Louis man had a bet as to which could tell the biggest lie in so many minutes. The former began, " There was once a gentleman in Chicago— " " Here, take your ten dollars," said he from St. Louis ; " I can't beat that ! "

I like, too, the story of the fussy Englishman and the laconic Yankee attendant at the Natural History Museum.

Englishman (contemplating a stuffed bird).
" Let me see, what bird is that ? "

Yankee. A woodcock.

Englishman (excitedly). " But I've seen

heaps of woodcocks, and they were not like this bird at all!"

Yankee. "No?"

Englishman (frantically). "I tell you, you must be mistaken. It's not *my* idea of a woodcock at all!"

Yankee. "It's God's!" (*Collapse of Englishman.*)

The American "innocents abroad" also furnish us with some odd tales. The remarks heard at the Passion Play will not bear repeating, but the Roman ones are rather amusing, such as "I do love that statue of the cunning old dog nursing Romeo and Juliet," referring to the "Romulus and Remus" in the Capitoline Museum.

This reminds me of the group in St. Paul's Cathedral of Archbishop Middleton confirming a native boy and girl, described by the country cousin as the "Almighty creating Adam and Eve."

Others are the "Apollo chasing Daphne" in the Villa Barghesi, described as "Rampolla chasing Daphne," and the lady asking for her opera cloak as her "Cloaca Maxima," by way of showing off her knowledge of the Italian language.

Now for a few miscellaneous chestnuts. There was the little boy who began collecting butterflies. His uncle patted him on the back

and gave him a shilling to buy a book to assist him. A few days afterwards he came disconsolately to his uncle, and said, "I have bought a book, uncle, but it has got nothing about butterflies in it." It was called "Hints to Young *Mothers*"!

Then there was the little girl who could not understand why God was called "Harold." She used to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven: Harold be Thy name." And the housemaid who would not go to church on Ash Wednesday because it says in the Collect, "Almighty God, who hatest nothing but the housemaid."

When we were children we used to repeat Mrs. Alexander's Sunday hymn thus:—

Put the spade and wheel away,
Let the *whalebone* horse go free.

Prayer Book chestnuts abound, such as the story of the bridegroom who, on being asked, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" replied, "I renounce them all," continuing the conversation thus: Priest: "Now, my man, this is a very serious matter." Bridegroom: "All this I steadfastly believe." Priest: "If you go on like this I shall turn you out." Bridegroom: "That is my desire." Then there was another bridegroom who, to the same question, replied, "Well, ain't that

just what I've come for?" and the bride who, on being remonstrated with for bringing her young man to the wedding in a state of intoxication, said, "He won't come at all when he's sober!"; or the verger of Little Caudle, who, when the verger of Great Caudle told him with pride that they had got new matting all down the aisle at Great Caudle, said, "But we have got Matins and Evensong at Little Caudle!" or the old Tory sexton who, when the Countess was "churched," responded very unctuously, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee."

Sextons are unconsciously funny sometimes, as, for example, the one who, referring to the squire, interrupted the parson beginning "When the wicked man . . ." by saying, "Please, sir, he ain't come yet"; or the other who said to the fussy preacher, who was anxious to know at what point in the service the sermon came, "Don't you bother yourself, for at the proper time I comes up to you and you follows me at a respectful distance."

Another parson, arriving at a church to preach on a very wet night, remarked that he was soaked through, but was encouraged by his friend saying, "Never mind, you'll be dry enough in the pulpit."

A friend of mine once gave out a notice which one "would have rather left unsaid"

while the preacher was actually in the pulpit, thus: "The collection to-day will be to get rid of the dry rot in the pulpit."

At Bethnal Green we had a practice of giving out the page of the Prayer Book before beginning to sing the Canticles. There was a tradition at the Oxford House that the children had got hold of the wrong book one day, and when the Vicar said "Page 310" (or whatever it was), they began singing, instead of the psalm, "A Man may not marry his Grandmother." Which reminds me of a "catch" which often puzzles people: "Can a man marry his widow's niece?" It gradually dawns on you that of course he can't because he would be dead.

At one of the cranky schools which Mr. Wells describes in "Anticipations" some one told me that they are in the habit of singing passages from the Proverbs or Ecclesiastes instead of the "Magnificat." I will not vouch for this, but it was said to sound odd when they warbled to an Anglican chant these words:—

Dead flies cause the apothecary's ointment to send forth
 a | stinking | savour: so doth a little folly him that is
 in reputation for | wisdom | aïd | honour.

But these schools can have no humour, seeing that week by week they fill up a chart about

each child, describing all his gastric variations and the "ideals" which the little prig has shown himself to be striving after.

The following is a more witty treatment of the Canticles. A young parson complained that there was no mention of the deacons in the "Benedicite," but only of priests. "You are wrong," said his friend; "it says, 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord.'" This is almost as good as Mark Twain's "It is a mistake commonly made to suppose that the British race is not mentioned in the Bible. There is a passage which refers to them, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'"

I rather like, too, the rival organists talking about their prowess in accompaniments: "You should hear me give them the thunder and lightning!" "Ah! but you wait and hear me 'grin like a dog and run about the city'": and the humble believer who said he liked the Athanasian Creed because it settled all doubts by saying that the whole thing was "incomprehensible." Which also recalls the Rector who was said to be "invisible" all the week and "incomprehensible" on Sunday.

Bishops are sometimes unfortunate in their selection of Collects to say on occasions. For instance, one at the unfrocking of an inebriate solemnly read the prayer which says that "by

reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright," and another, during the vacancy of the see, told the clergy to pray daily for the selection of a suitable person "in the place of the traitor Judas."

It must have been difficult to avoid a smile when Dr. Liddon said that you do not look a gift horse "in the face," and when a distinguished preacher at a Memorial Service after the death of a well-known Varsity oar, described his rowing in the spiritual boat race "with his eyes towards the goal"!

"Enough of this foolery!" as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said to the Tories in the House of Commons. I am drivelling into anecdotage before I have reached my three-score years and ten. Good-bye, reader, and don't be too hard on me.

The tub you thump may not be the sort of tub I thump, and I suppose that after the War we shall have to find new tubs, for the old ones will crack under our weight.

I for one have got some fun out of these old tubs, and, though the time has perhaps come for burning them, I shall always have a feeling of sincere affection for their ashes.

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